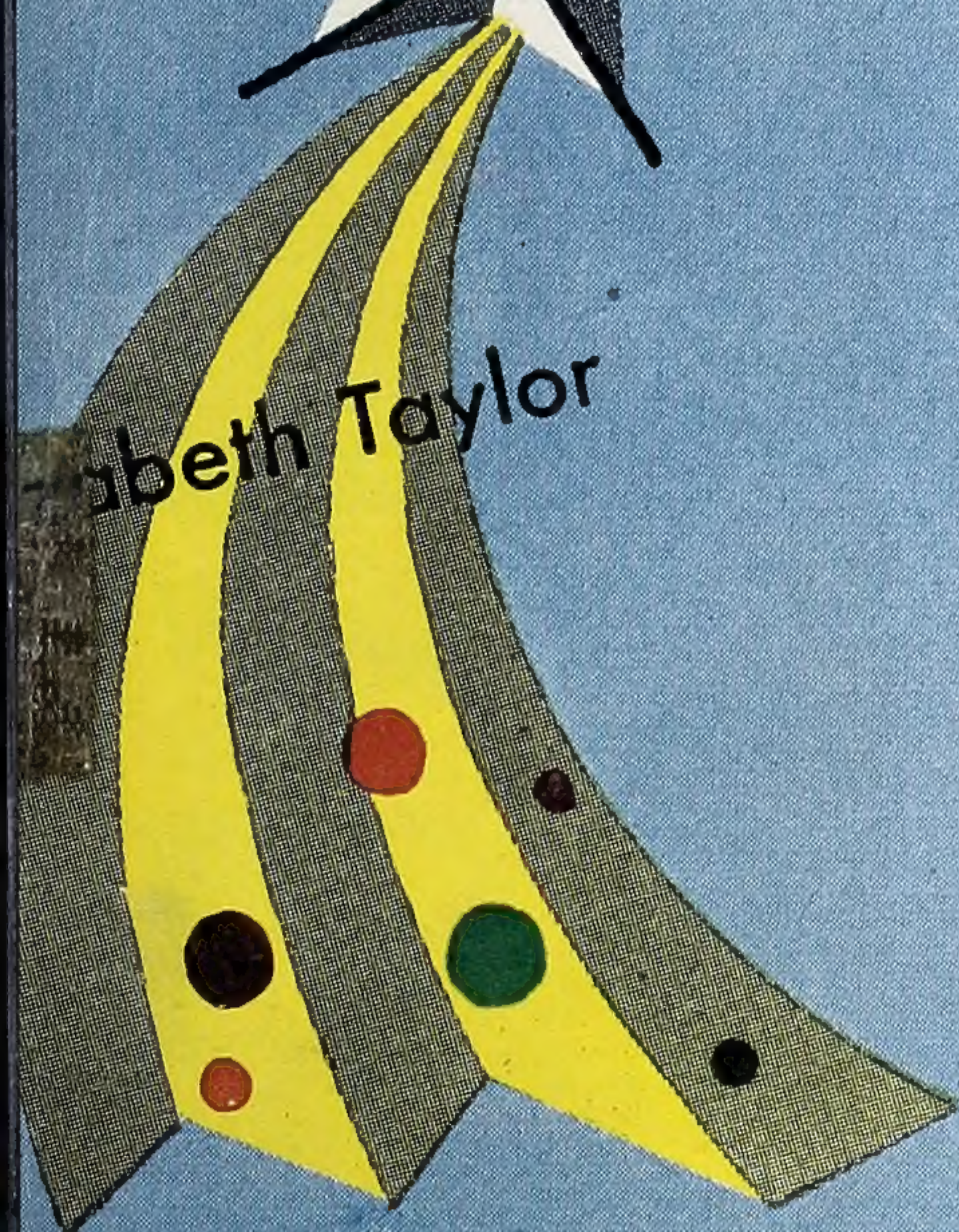


★ PHOTOPLAY

January 15¢



Lizabeth Taylor



LIZ

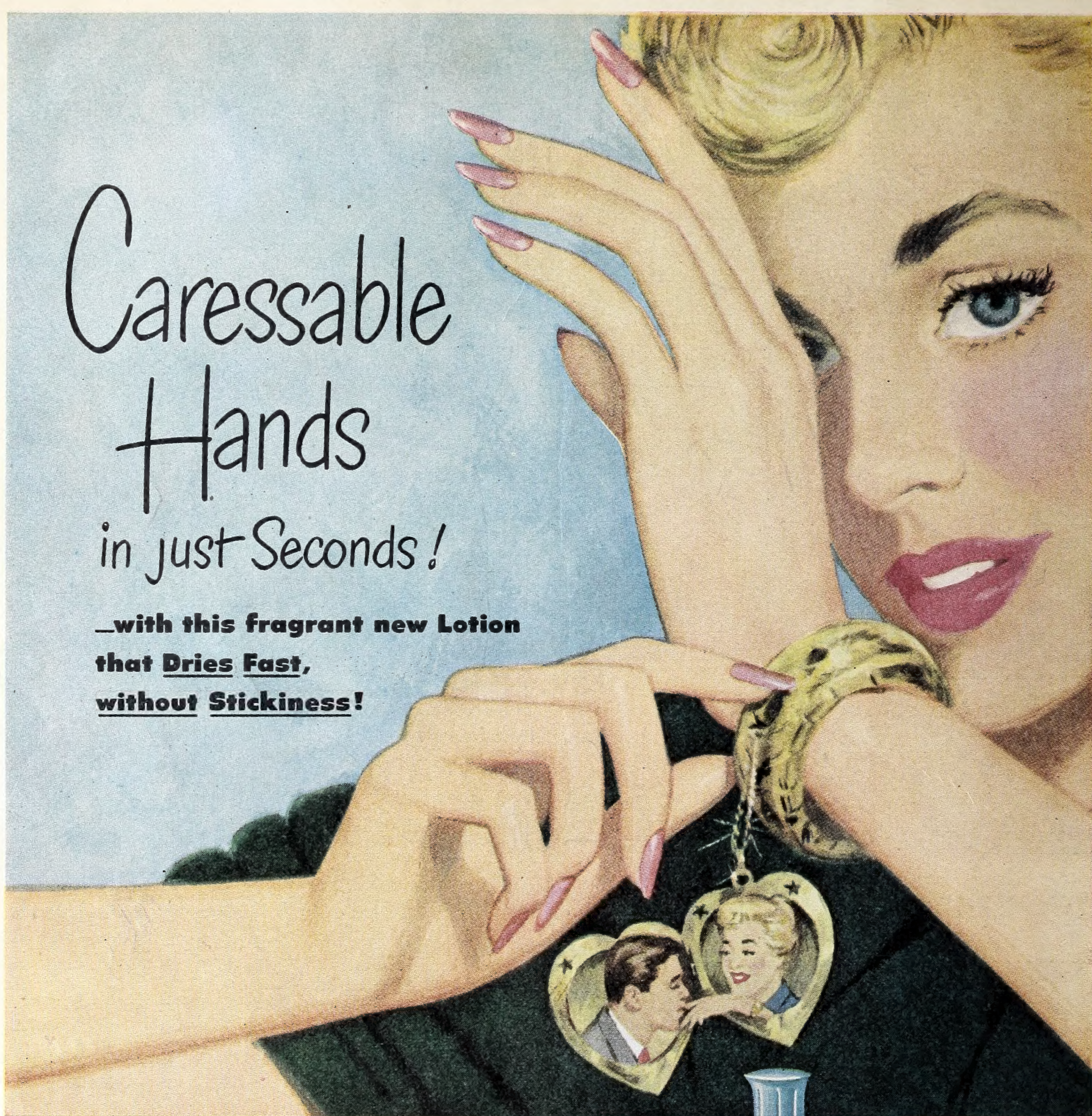
**The Most Exciting Girl
in Hollywood**

**A Surprise Story
by Elsa Maxwell**

P 2-52 2V R 132542 G
MRS. C. SLOSBERG
11 EVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

**—with this fragrant new Lotion
that Dries Fast,
without Stickiness!**



Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal?
Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere
Bouquet Hand Lotion (*with lanolin*) for you!
Do *this* and you'll understand why!



Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand,
any old-style lotion on the other.
Wait, then compare.

Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-
drying lotion that *softens* like
a cream has already done its wonderful
work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness.
Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly
fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your *other* hand? No comparison, of course! In
just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that
caressable hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!

*Pours like a lotion
—Softens
like a cream*



Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

Remember!

There's a Cashmere
Bouquet Cosmetic
for Almost Every
Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK

Creamy, clinging—in
8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER

Smooth, velvety texture!
6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM

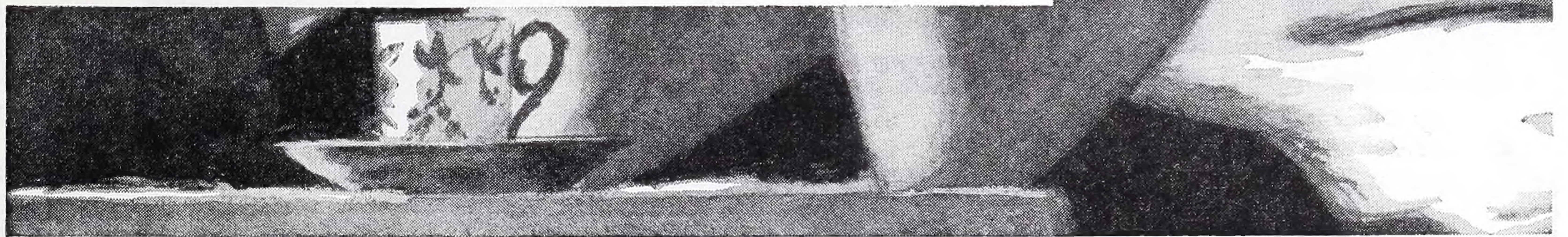
For radiant, "date-time"
loveliness—a *bedtime*
beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER

A shower of
spring flowers!



When you've got a date with a man...



WHEN you have a date, you do things with your complexion. You want it to be radiant.

You fuss for hours with your hair to make it frame your face just so.

You wear your most flattering gown, your daintiest shoes. You're pretty sure of your charm, and yet... and yet...

If you've overlooked one intimate little matter* your charms count for naught, your date may

be a flop, and you can lose your man *just like that!*

You may not know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. It may be absent for days and then crop up at the very time you want to be at your best.

Never Take a Chance

Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution that so many popular women rely on?

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-

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While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH!

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING
TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



The Most Conclusive Proof in All Dentifrice Research on Tooth Decay!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!



No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!

**CLEAN YOUR
BREATH WHILE YOU
CLEAN YOUR TEETH
—AND HELP STOP
TOOTH DECAY!**



FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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JANUARY, 1950

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Member of The True Story Women's Group

VOL. 37, NO. 1

Come on, everybody, let's all go
ON THE TOWN!



Three gay gobs go on a 24-hour shore leave...and it's a musical frolic from the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver...make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum...rock Radio City with laughs...raise the roof of the Empire State with song...and steal kisses in Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard...busted, exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along...EVERYONE!

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TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY • FRANK SINATRA
BETTY GARRETT • ANN MILLER

On The Town

JULES MUNSHIN • VERA-ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!

"New York, New York" • "Miss Turnstiles" • "Prehistoric Man" • "Come Up To My Place" • "Main Street" • "You're Awful" • "On The Town" • "Count On Me"

Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden • Based Upon The Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Which Twin has the Toni?

(See answer below)

After big game U.C.L.A.'s popular majorettes, Jany and Joey Pope of Los Angeles, Calif., are ready to leave for Victory Dance.

Attractive hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood Hair Stylist.

Now! Toni with SPIN curlers twice as easy—twice as fast!

The new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save you half the time of winding up curls. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Quick start!* Tiny teeth gently grip hair tips so even the shortest ends become easy to wind! *Easy-spin action*—rolls each curl up in one quick motion. Winds more hair on each curler. Fewer curlers are needed. *Snap shut!* Non-slip clasp fastens curls closer to head to assure a better, longer-lasting wave.

Most natural-looking wave you've ever had! For Toni Creme Waving Lotion is different. An exclusive gentle formula with matchless results—more than 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves.



At the game all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new SPIN Curlers have spin action, too. They grip—spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"

So gentle and so fast! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and sparkling, so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.



Still the center of attraction at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural."

Toni
Refill
\$1.00

Special
Combination
Offer

Refill Kit and
complete set SPIN Curlers

\$3.00 value. Only \$2.29



THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT NATURAL LOOK — TONI

Readers Inc.



Cheers and Jeers:

Whatever happened to Monty Clift? Where are his brains? Is he really going for Liz Taylor? She'll give him a dose of his own medicine as she did to two other fellows.

LUCILLE PARKER
Buffalo, N. Y.

We are two English filmgoers, and two interested readers of Photoplay. Let me say that we do not prefer either English or American films, we just like *good* films, and thought you might be interested to hear which American stars and films draw us into the local cinemas.

Our favorite actors are Van Heflin, Zachary Scott, Alan Ladd, Macdonald Carey, Dana Andrews, Humphrey Bogart and Clifton Webb. The actresses we most enjoy are Claudette Colbert, Olivia de Havilland, Susan Hayward, Bette Davis and Jennifer Jones. We would never miss a film with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope or Clark Gable. As for Danny Kaye, his attraction is international.

We love the slick American thriller, i.e., "Call Northside 777," "The Naked City," "The Glass Key," and we like your big, colorful musicals, such as "Till the Clouds Roll By," and "Easter Parade."

We like American films about America. American films about England are usually phony to us, and there are always numerous inaccuracies. In conclusion, thank you, Hollywood, for the many hours of pleasure you have given us.

LEONARD and SHEILA WARRALL
Bristol, England

In your October Photoplay, you said that when Montgomery Clift kissed Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress," it marked Monty's first screen kiss. I have a correction. Monty kissed Joanne Dru four times in "Red River."

ROBERTA JUULL
Los Angeles, Cal.

(We're still out for the count on this one. Four times seems to be the general consensus. The Editors.)

Casting:

How about the movies starting a "Sam Spade" series starring Howard Duff? He is so wonderful on the "Sam Spade" program and I think it would be swell to see Sam and Effie on the screen.

CAROLYN CANADAS
Burlingame, Cal.

Why doesn't Hollywood make another "A Date with Judy" picture starring Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett? I have heard many others say it is one of the best musicals ever made.

BETTY HANSEN
Rushtown, O.

(Both Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett are in "Nancy Goes to Rio.")

Readers' Pets:

Why doesn't Gordon MacRae's studio give him bigger and better starring parts? (Continued on page 6)

FUN



BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR

The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

In A Paramount Picture

"The Great Lover"

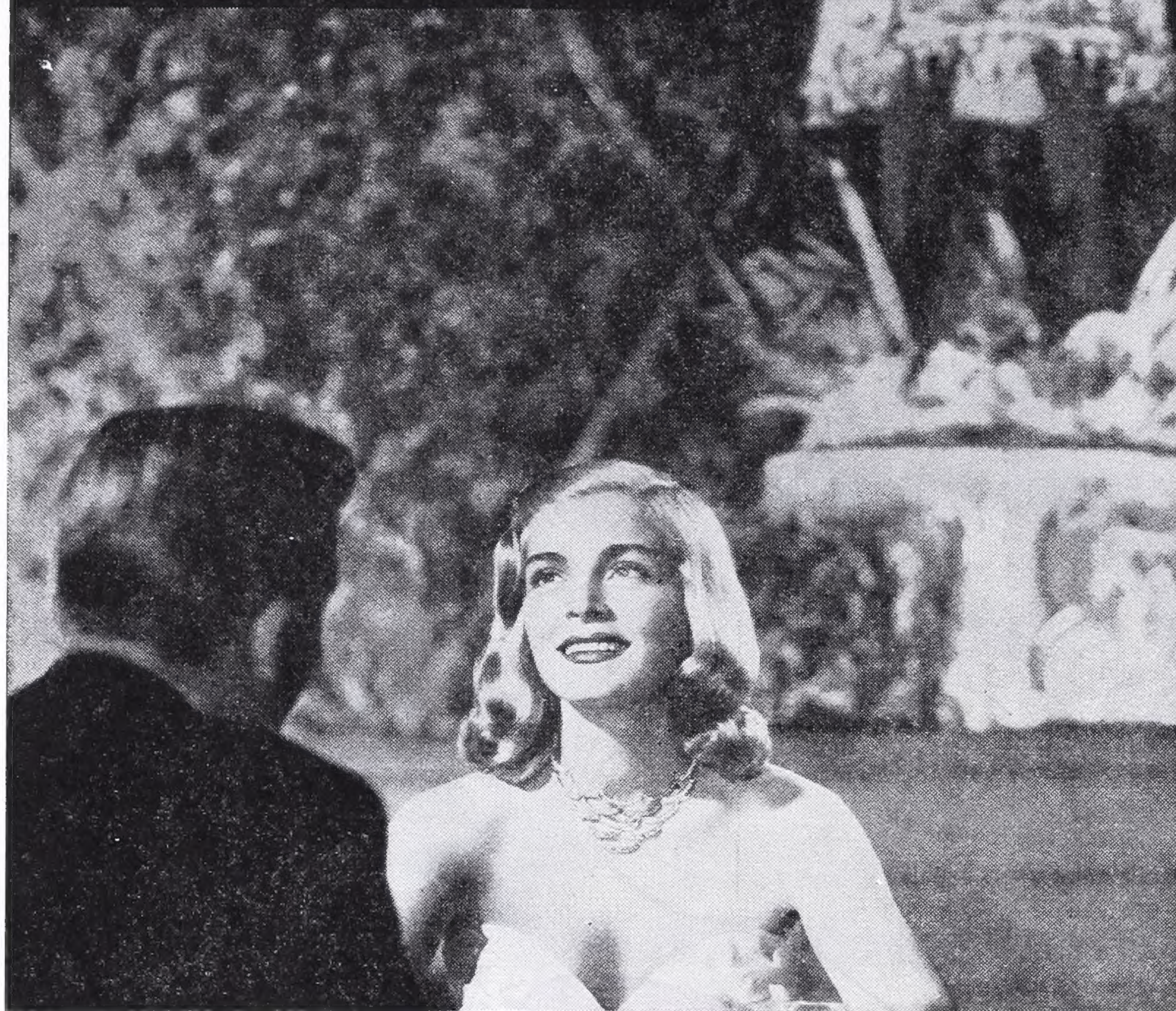
with Roland YOUNG • Roland CULVER • Richard LYON • Gary GRAY

Produced by Edmund Beloin • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose

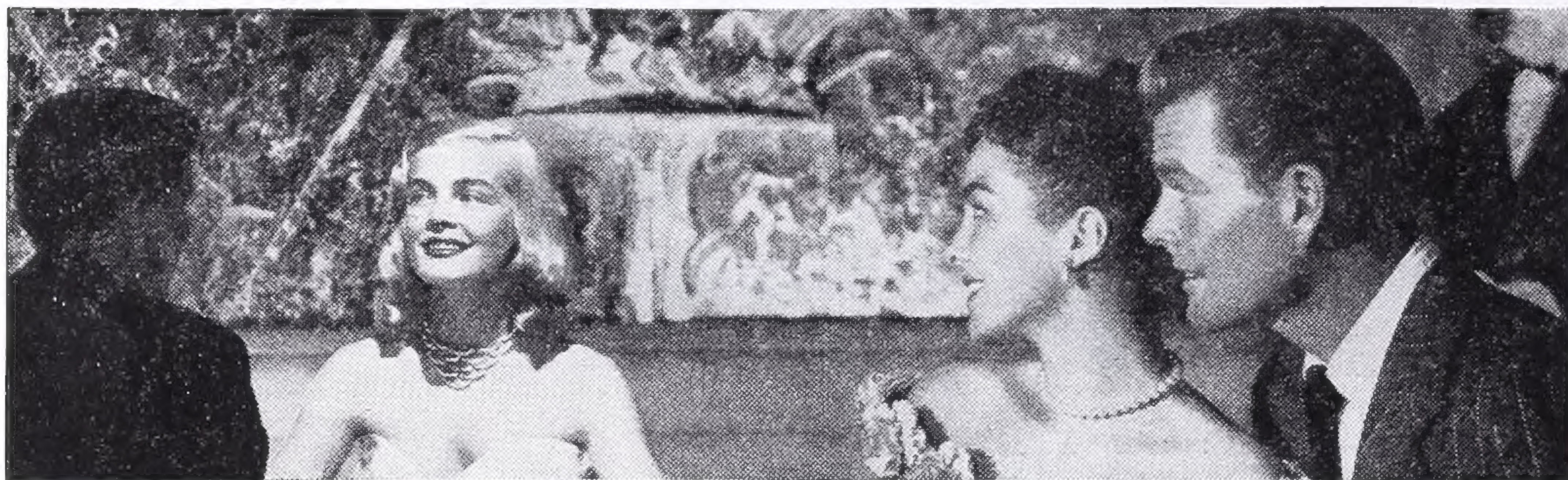


LIZABETH SCOTT starring in "BITTER VICTORY"
a Hal Wallis Paramount Picture



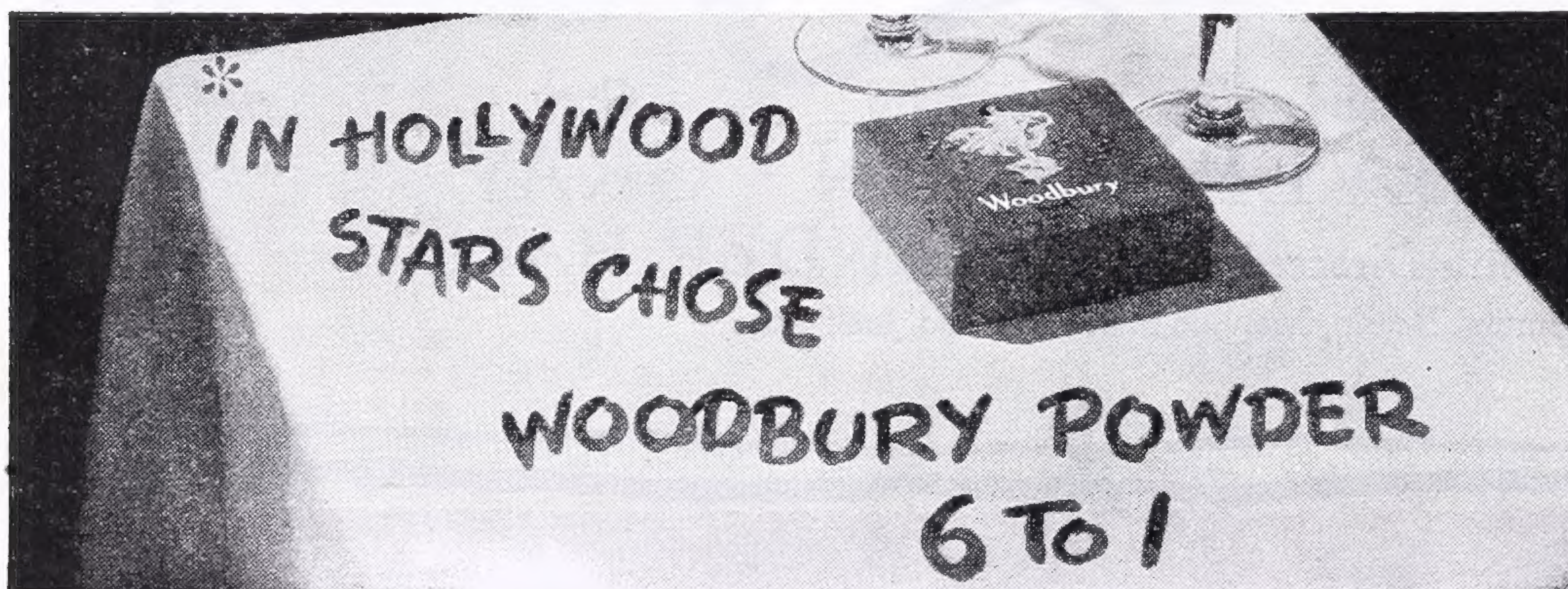
Don't look now...

You're at the Mocambo. Over at the next table is Lizbeth Scott. It's not polite to stare—but what do you do? You look up from your crepe suzette, steal a glance. Think she doesn't know it? Of course she does! She's a star... she expects it! That's why she wears Woodbury Powder (Fiesta for Lizbeth) on her radiant features... and carries it in her compact.



there's
Lizbeth Scott...

Lizbeth is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder, 6 to 1, in response to a recent survey.* Something wonderful in Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient—gives your skin a smooth-as-satin look. The delicate fragrance clings as long as the powder. 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type—no obvious "powdered" look. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



(Continued from page 4)

He has more talent and sex-appeal than any of the top ten men of Hollywood.

BONNIE BENCH

Salt Lake City, Utah

I, like Arline Haynes in the October issue, think that Betty Grable should be given more pictures like "When My Baby Smiles at Me," "Mother Wore Tights," etc. To say that Miss Grable may be replaced by Susan Hayward is pure fantasy. If Miss Grable does have any competition at all, it is in blonde and beautiful June Haver. However, I still think Betty Grable will remain on top as the undisputed queen of Hollywood musicals.

CLAIRE BAUM
Baltimore, Md.

Question Box:

In "House of Strangers," what is the name of the song and who is the singer on the record that Richard Conte plays after he has returned from prison and has seen his brothers?

CAROLE ALTMAN
Newberry, S. C.

(It is Caruso singing an aria from the opera "Martha.")

Will you please publish the name of the girl who played the violin in the picture "In the Good Old Sumertime" and can you tell me something about her?

SALLY BUILDER
Denver, Colo.

(Marcia Van Dyke was born in Grant Pass, Oregon. She's five-feet-five, has blue-green eyes and brown hair and is unmarried. Her next picture is "Death in the Doll's House.")



I saw "Blue Lagoon" and enjoyed it very much, but did Emily, Michael and their baby die, or were they rescued?

NANCY ARMSTRONG
Fresno, Cal.

(They were all rescued.)

Could you tell me who played Finch in "Home of the Brave?" I think he is a great actor. I would like to know more about him.

ALISON VICTOR
Newark, N. J.

(Lloyd Bridges was born in San Leandro, Cal., January 15, 1913. He is six-feet-one, has blue eyes, blond hair and is married. His next picture is "The White Tower.")



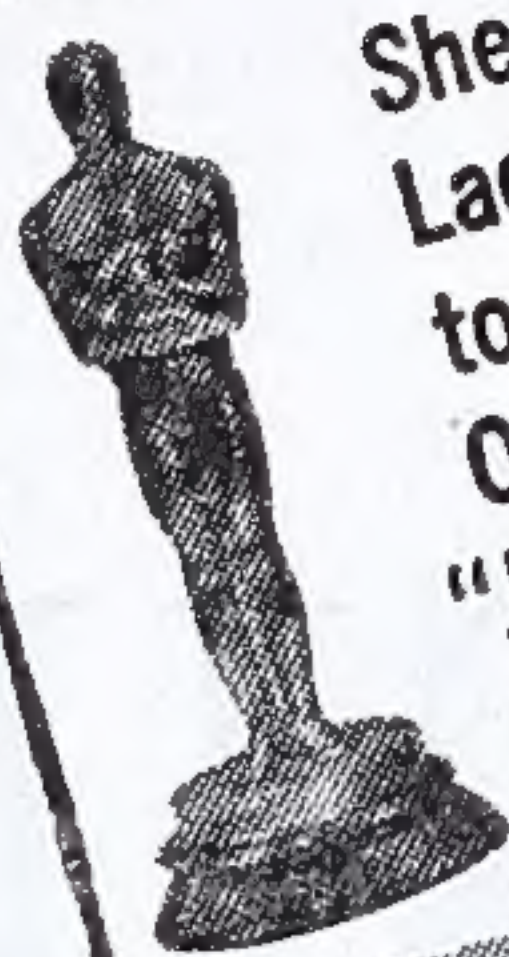
Could you please tell me what happened to Henry Fonda? I really enjoyed him in pictures and do miss him. Is he going to make any more pictures?

JANE STETTER
Dallas, Tex.

(Henry Fonda will take time out from his starring role in the Broadway production "Mr. Roberts" to make the movie version. After that he plans to continue in the play.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

**JANE
WYMAN**



She's the
Lady who
took the
Oscar for
"Johnny
Belinda"!

**DENNIS
MORGAN**

MAN THE LAUGH-BOATS!!



**WHAT
MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT
THE NAVY
ALL AT SEA
OVER
THE MAN
SHE WANTS
TO LAND...**

**IT'S THE LAUGHIN'EST LOVIN'
EVER FROM WARNER BROS!**

**DEAR ADMIRAL,
PLEASE SEND
THE WHOLE FLEET!**



The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH

EVE ARDEN

ROBERT DOUGLAS • ALLYN JOSLYN • TOM TULLY

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ • HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



INSIDE STUFF



Gene Kelly sports a new mustache at 1950 Ice Show. Wife Betsy Blair is blissful—she has a big role at Gene's studio in "Mystery Street"

Home-town Girl: Barbara Hale never forgets her old school chums in her home town of Rockford, Illinois. Hearing that one friend had progressed with her art work, Barbara had her send on three of her paintings which she promptly sold because, as Barbara told her over the phone, they were excellent paintings that showed greater promise. Incidentally, Barbara has gone in for ceramics and designed and baked a beautiful ceramic doll for her daughter's Christmas gift.

About People: The Humphrey Bogarts had a ten-day whirl in New York, but Bogey was a little relieved when it was over—for a comical reason. Lauren, along with thousands of other women, got a crush on Ezio Pinza of "South Pacific" and while Bogey joined in the general kidding, he wasn't any too happy. When Lauren went backstage to greet Ezio, Humphrey pretended to have a concealed mike in the dressing room. "I gotta be sure about this," he kidded . . . Jerome Courtland is the despair of the teen-age belles since he took up spear fishing. The girls claim Jerome won't take off his diving helmet long enough to go square dancing anymore . . . Stewart Granger, the most popular Englishman ever to hit Hollywood (and not just because his real name is Jimmy Stewart, either), dated all the pretty girls while their regular beaus fumed . . . Audrey Totter phoned Cal to say goodbye before setting off on a hospital tour and a two-weeks stay in New York. Audrey claims she's heart-free, but something in the way she spoke Greg Bautzer's name made us think—well, anyway, it took an attorney to outdo movie lovers when it comes to getting the gals . . . Brian Donlevy brought his little daughter over to Joan Crawford's house to share a birthday. Brian, who is Joan's latest admirer, spends most of his spare time on Crawford's set of "The Victim."



Farley Granger lends a hand to Lauren Bacall as she greets David Selznick at party. David had to leave wife Jennifer Jones in Europe while he made business trip here

Cal York's Gossip Of Hollywood



True devotion: John Ireland, enjoying gypsy music with wife Joanne Dru, insisted she get top billing in their new film



Looks as if lawyer Greg Bautzer is winning his suit for Ginger Rogers's hand! They're at party



Ruth Roman isn't giving Bill Walsh, Walt Disney cartoonist, the cold shoulder—he's a frequent escort



Linda Darnell, with husband Pev Marley, had to stop and deliver—to autograph hunters—at Chanteclair Restaurant

June and Dick: There's a happy, relaxed air about "The Reformer and the Redhead" set that's a sure tip-off that all goes well with the cast. And since the stars are June Allyson and Dick Powell, this is good news. The day we visited the set, Dick was attempting a political speech for the camera, while June did her impish best to distract him. The camaraderie between them was delightful.

"I have a new respect for this little mite," Dick told us. "This morning she was supposed to slap Helen Freeman for a scene and what happens? Helen goes to the hospital with a bloody nose. Me, I'm keeping away from her."

We asked June about working with her husband. "I never think of Richard as my husband when we're playing a scene," she said. "I just think, why here's one of the nicest actors I ever worked with."

The Powells are planning to adopt another baby and, what's more, they'd like to make more pictures together.

The Walkers: The three went house-hunting together—Bob Walker and his sons Bob and Mike. In Brentwood, they found exactly the place they like, a rambling house with lots of grounds and a barn for horses. So the three moved out of the Jennifer Jones house and into their own. Every free moment of time, the three don blue jeans and work around the place, clearing the grounds and even painting the barn. Bob is a devoted father and the boys adore him. Twice weekly their mother phones them from Europe. When she returns the lads will spend part of the time with her.



Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who is in Italy for new picture "State Secret," has his hands full—of young admirers



INSIDE STUFF

Richard Widmark and English actress Christine Norden on set of Twentieth's "Night and the City," filmed in London



No sale! Dan Dailey, right, as a traveling salesman, has his troubles when he meets up with bad man Rory Calhoun in Western comedy film, "A Ticket to Tomahawk." They're on location in Durango, Colorado. Anne Baxter plays the sheriff

Now in Drene... Only in Drene ... this New *Beauty Conditioner*



Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen ...
Don't just "wash" your hair...

Condition Your Hair with New Drene Shampoo!



Want your hair to shine with *all* its loveliest natural sheen . . . have *all* its own true natural softness? Then don't just "wash" your hair with old-fashioned shampoos—*condition* it to fullest natural beauty with New Drene Shampoo!

Now New Drene has a wonderful new Beauty Conditioner. It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

If you haven't tried Drene recently, you just don't know how wonderful it is!

So get a bottle now—right away—and see for yourself how it awakens the sleeping beauty of your hair!

- 1** New Drene cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- 2** Conditions your hair to natural sheen and softness . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
- 3** Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes dandruff from hair and scalp!
- 4** Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in hardest water!

INSIDE STUFF

Congratulations: It was back in 1934 that the Lux Radio Theatre first went on the air. Now they're celebrating, with reason, their fifteenth anniversary. For through these years, they've come to be one of the outstanding programs on the radio for the splendid plays they've produced and the top performers who've appeared in them—Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Tallulah Bankhead, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant and a host of others. The "risky experiment" of fifteen years ago has become a real highlight in our radio life. A yearly feature of the Lux Theatre is the dramatization of the picture that is chosen as the winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award.

Hollywood's Worst-Dressed Stars: When secretaries from various studios selected Hollywood's worst-dressed male stars, they really started something. Some took it seriously and sought to have their personal press agents refute the claim. Others, Frank Sinatra among them, openly kidded the fact they were numbered in the list. The singer even quoted, on his radio show, the secretaries' remarks that Frank looked as if he had built-in midguts holding up his shoulder-pads.

Howard Duff merely laughed at the gals' accusations that he looked like an exploding bomb. "They must have seen me coming in one morning after two zombies," he laughed. "You certainly feel like a bomb had gone off somewhere around you." But Van Heflin, whom the gals accused of still wearing the same suit he wore back in "The Philadelphia Story," hotly declares it isn't so. "I have from six to eight suits which I vary in pictures," he says. Frankly, Van always looks to Cal as if he were about to play a character part off screen. Why should he care about the latest cut anyway, a guy that can act like that.

Mrs. Macdonald Carey had more fun than a barrel of monkeys when the gals chose Carey among the worst-dressed, with the statement that Carey was still wearing Marine Corps fatigues. "Now, maybe he'll dress up more," she said, "and put away those slacks and tweed jackets." Carey only scowled and said he didn't even know where his Marine Corps fatigues were, and what were they talking about.

"Jimmy Stewart is like a tweed weed and Robert Cummings probably wears nightshirts," (Continued on page 14)



Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten aired "The Farmer's Daughter" for Lux Theatre, now celebrating fifteenth anniversary



1915 figure was no figure at all. Straight up-and-down boned corset and loose clothes gave a potato-sack effect.



1926 figure was straight, uncorseted, boyish. Its "tubular" lines were unflattering to many women.



1931 saw a changing figure. Rigidly girdled, bias-skirted fashions were more feminine, but hardly exciting.



1947 featured the famous "New Look." Its full-skirted, padded-hipped fashions helped to conceal figure-faults.



PLAYTEX® PRESENTS THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

A slim, supple, vital figure that only Playtex gives with such freedom

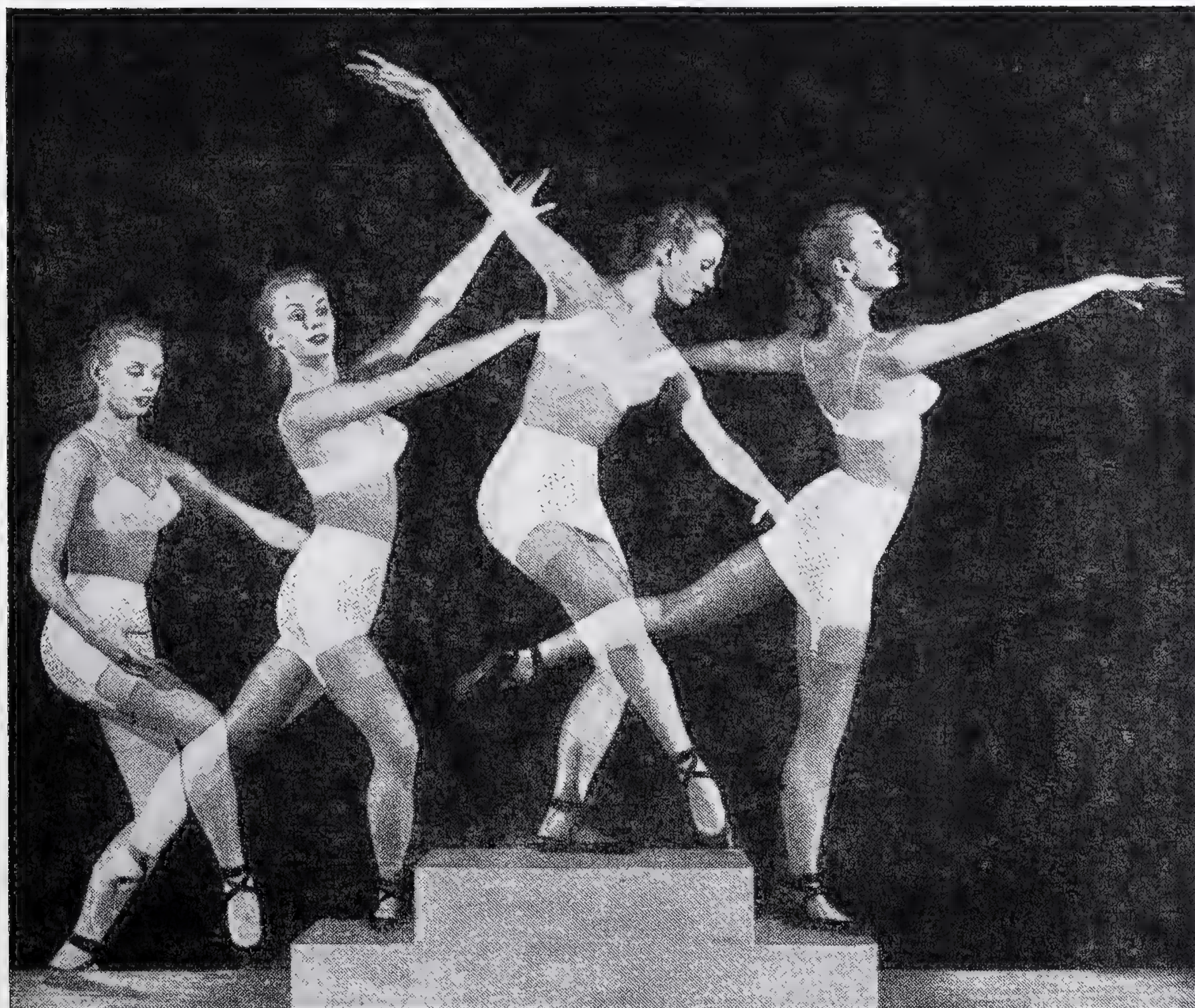
Radical changes in feminine fashions within the average American adult's memory have been changes in foundations even more than in fashions.

The girdle that has helped bring about the most recent revolution in silhouette is the sensational PLAYTEX. Made of tree-grown latex, it combines amazing figure-slimming power with

complete comfort and freedom of action.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest fashions—smooths the line from waist to hips to thighs with its all-way action-stretch.

For your fashion of the 1950's—have the figure of the 1950's—a slim, young PLAYTEX figure.



PLAYTEX GIVES YOU THE SLIMNESS-WITH-FREEDOM SO IMPORTANT TO YOUR 1950 FIGURE

JACQUES FATH,

world-renowned designer of fashions, expresses the "Fashion of the 1950's" in this dress designed exclusively for the American collection of Joseph Halpert.

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is PLAYTEX — at all department stores and specialty shops, coast to coast. In slim, silvery tube: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White; extra small, small, medium, large.



PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE **\$3.50**
PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE
with garters **\$3.95**
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Extra Large PLAYTEX LIVING
GARTER GIRDLE **\$4.95**

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE? It's the newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles — light, smooth, cool and fresh as a daisy, it actually "breathes" with you . . . in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes . . . **\$3.95 to \$4.95.**

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park © 1950 Dover Del.

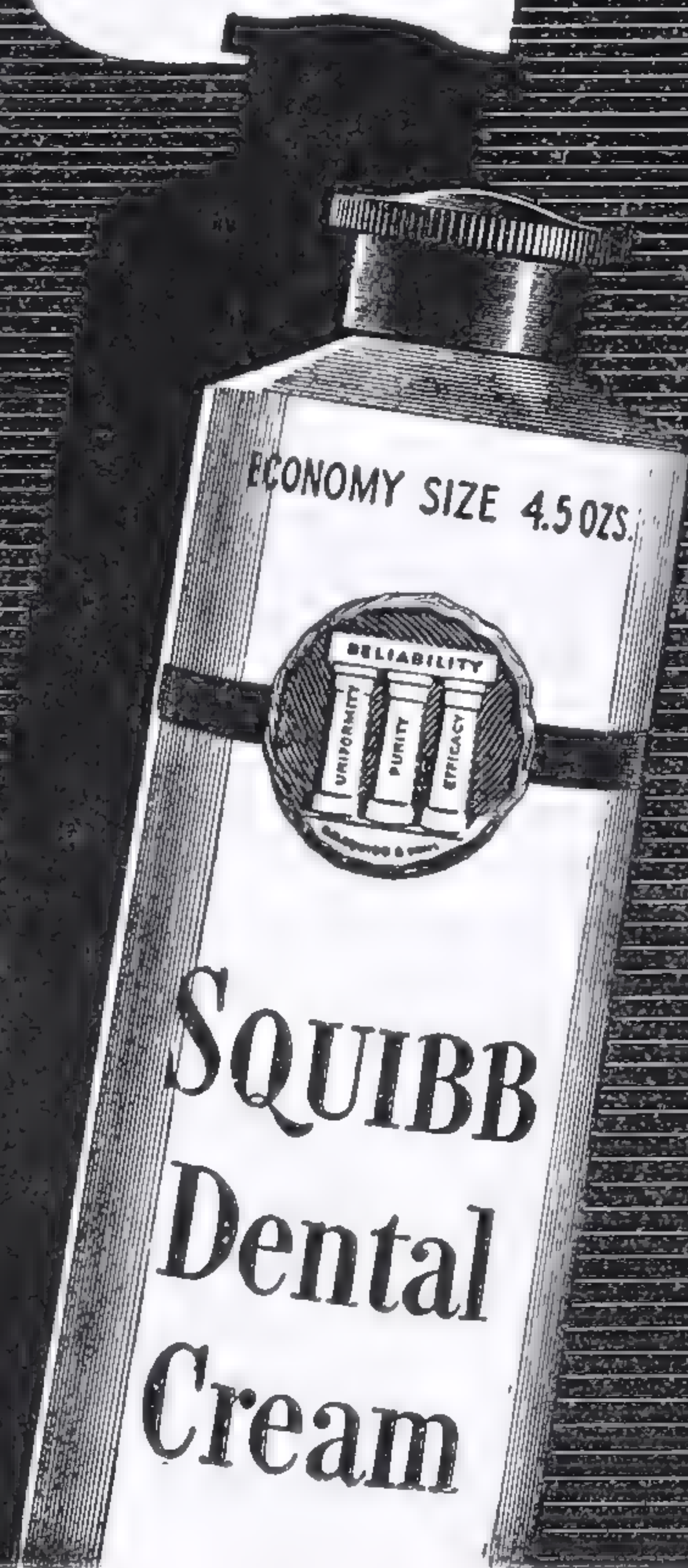
A Squibb clean mouth has a mint-fresh breath



Pleasant...
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle...
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective...
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12) the gals said. To which Jimmy replied, "Well, as long as they don't call me a bad weed, I guess it's all right," while a close friend of Cummings snapped, "Maybe it's sour grapes. Maybe the gals are jealous because they'll never know about Bob's bedtime attire."

The real shocker came with the selection of Adolphe Menjou, who usually appears on best-dressed lists. "Vests went out with bloomer bathing suits," they said about dapper Adolphe. The town instantly divided itself into two camps on the Menjou selection. The more conservative group insisted Adolphe did not dress according to Hollywood standards, but according to London's Bond Street where vests were quite proper. The younger set screamed, "Phooey," and pointed to several well-dressed English actors in town who are never seen wearing vests.

Vic Mature, whom they accused of not even wearing socks with his casuals, shrugged, and asked why the fuss about sox appeal when sex appeal counts at the box office. "Besides," Vic is quoted as saying, "who looks at *my* ankles with Grable on the lot?"

Get out the Vaccine: Donald O'Connor walked into a popular Valley restaurant at lunch time wearing small-pox make-up. As a result, Donald can write in his memoirs that for a hot ten minutes he was the world's most unpopular guy.

Customers in Valley eating places are used to seeing actors in all sort of riggings and make-up, and at first, paid scant attention to the actor done up with the plague for a Technicolor scene in "Double Crossbones."

But for a few curious stares, there may have been nothing to it if actor John Emery, seeing a chance to kid Donald, hadn't begun staring at the actor's face from his table across the way. Soon, his intense staring drew stares from out-of-town tourists who began to express uneasiness. John's face registered everything from surprise to horror and soon

every eye in the room was on John as he summoned the waiter and asked to be moved to another table.

Customers around Donald also began moving, and only in time did Donald avert a panic by leaving the place, swearing to get even with John. Knowing O'Connor, we'd say Emery will regret his little prank in a big way.

No Humor?: Uninhibited Shelley Winters, whose outspoken frankness is a tribulation to Universal Studios, dated Howard Duff during one of his feuds with Ava Gardner.

Next evening, Shelley ran into Ava. "Hey, that boy friend of yours has no sense of humor," she said. "He asked me how I liked him in a certain scene and I told him fine, he'd used his other expression."

"And do you know something?" Shelley went on. "He didn't laugh."

Ava did, however.

Behind the Scenes: It wasn't too flattering to Joan Fontaine to discover that Bill Dozier, the husband she put out of her life just before she took off for Europe, had fallen in love with Cleatus Caldwell Hutton while she was gone and hadn't really missed her at all... It wasn't that Lex Tarzan Barker didn't love his socialite wife who divorced him, taking herself and children back to New York; it simply became more apparent to both Lex and Mrs. Barker that he wasn't cut out to be a husband. Swinging from trees as Tarzan had nothing to do with it... When Jack Carson, who separated from his wife several years ago, found real love and happiness with Lola Albright, Mrs. Carson consented to a divorce. But when the day arrived, she refused to utter one derogatory word against Jack, confusing the judge by claiming she loved her husband too much to suggest he was unkind or even incompatible. As a result, Mrs. Carson returned home still married to Jack who still loves Lola who still loves him. And there, at this writing, it stands.

(Continued on page 71)



Sir Laurence Olivier wishes wife Vivien Leigh good luck—she scored triumph in London production of "A Streetcar Named Desire"

**"I was
a nice
girl-
wasn't
I?"**

*Please wait
until you know
the Truth
about
"My Foolish
Heart"*

**SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**
PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS • SUSAN HAYWARD

"MY FOOLISH HEART"

with Kent Smith • Lois Wheeler • Jesse Royce Landis • Robert Keith • Gigi Perreau
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein • Based on a story
in the New Yorker by J. D. Salinger • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by
MARK ROBSON
who gave you
"Champion" and "Home of the Brave"



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CAN BE
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MOTHERS: 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. Sent Free in plain wrapper. Write: Dept. N-10, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

WHAT SHOULD I DO?



Claudette Colbert
star of "Three
Came Home."

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I'm thirty-four, an executive in my company. I lost my wife three years ago; she was drowned in a boating accident. We had been married only two years and were deeply in love.

Within the last year, the president of the company for which I work has begun to put on a definite campaign to marry me off again. He is a fine man and means well, but the choices he and his wife have made so far have been somewhat afiel from my tastes.

At present, I am under considerable pressure to spend a great deal of time with my employer's niece by marriage. She is a widow, thirty-seven, quite beautiful in her way, a good sport and independently wealthy. She has gone out of her way to let me know that she likes me.

I like her, but that ends it. When I have indicated that I am far more interested in building a fine professional future than in remarrying, she has said that she understands. She would marry again only for convenience.

Can you suggest some tactful way for me to indicate to the company president that I'm neither love-starved nor lonely? To a friend and a contemporary, I'd say simply, "Lay off, Bud," but I was taught respect for my elders.

Abbott L.

I see no reason for you to discourage your employer. If he continues to introduce you to attractive young women, sooner or later you are going to meet someone whom you will enjoy. These things take time and a sense of humor.

No man who has any strong feeling for his own manhood will allow himself to be cajoled or coerced by anyone into marriage.

You have not said so in your letter, but I rather gather that you are still in love with your first wife. In that case, you shouldn't remarry until you can bring a new love and a fresh devotion to another woman. Marrying, while holding strong reservation about the marriage, is emotional cheating.

Right now, I think you should enjoy yourself, regard your employer's efforts with amused tolerance and devote yourself to your profession.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen. My dad loves me, I know, but he's forever picking on me, and sticking up for my sister who is four years younger than I.

Sometimes he's nice, but most of the time he's scolding me. I know I'm no angel, but he doesn't give me a chance to be good. My sister knows that my dad will take her part so she takes advantage of it. She always gets new shoes first, and she was given a watch for her

birthday before I was given a watch. My father said this was because my sister is careful, but I am destructive.

My mother is wonderful to me and understands me, but she is too busy with the baby to be very much interested in anything except formula and diapers and the Ladies Aid.

What should I do to make my dad act toward me the way he does toward my sister?

Anita L.

From your letter, I must assume that you are the eldest child in a family of three children. You feel that your younger sister has the full attention and affection of your father, and that your mother's devotion is given to "the baby." This gives you a feeling of being neglected in the family circle.

I want you to know that nearly every "eldest child" in the world has this same experience, and the experience will continue to be "normal" until parents are psychologically educated. There is nothing wrong with you, my dear.

When you ask how you can make your father act toward you as he does toward your sister, you don't really mean that at all. What you really want to know is how you can win the attention you feel is yours by right; you don't want an imitation of what is your sister's, but a love that belongs to you alone.

There is a simple method to win this love. Say to yourself, and mean it, "My father and mother love me, so I do not have to fight for that love. I don't have to be disagreeable to get attention. I don't have to quarrel with my sister to prove that I am as important as she is. I am an individual. She is an individual. Each of us is important to the family, each in her own way."

Try to help your mother with the baby; try to keep the house cheerful. Remember: Your family loves you, and you have an important place in the world.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Frequently, in your column, there are letters from sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls who want to get married. You always seem to discourage them by saying that they are too young. Why?

I married the most wonderful man on earth two years ago when I was seventeen and he was twenty-one. Some people marry at thirty-five, but still don't succeed at marriage.

Marriage isn't based upon age, but upon Love, Honor and Obey. My husband's parents separated when he was twelve; he knows what hardship this causes, so he is as determined as I am that such a thing will never happen in our family.

We live five miles out of town in a beautiful house.
(Continued on page 18)

"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"

"Thelma Jordon"



HAL WALLIS'

production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY

with PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL · Directed by Robert Siodmak

Screenplay by Ketti Frings · From a story by Marty Holland



YODORA

the deodorant that works

2 WAYS



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perspiration odor

Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but *stops* perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.



softens

and beautifies underarm skin

Made with a *face cream base*, Yodora keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Tubes or jars 10¢ 30¢ 60¢

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!



McKESSON & ROBBINS
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

(Continued from page 16)

tiful house that we hope to own someday. We own all of our own furniture, some of which we bought new, and some of which we bought second-hand and I repaired and repainted. We have a garden each summer which supplies all our vegetables, and I can the surplus. My husband hands me his pay check every Saturday (he doesn't make a fortune, but we save a little). We are expecting our first baby in about three months and we have saved up almost enough to take care of everything.

I'm sure that, after reading this, you will understand why I think you are mistaken in discouraging young marriages.

Mrs. Robert E.

I think you have misunderstood me. I discourage youngsters from marrying until they are emotionally and mentally mature.

If you had written to me before marrying at seventeen, and said that you were able to budget finances, knew how to refinish furniture, knew how to plant and cultivate a successful garden, knew how to preserve what produce you could not use, and planned to marry a boy whose ideas coincided with yours, I would have agreed that your marriage would have an excellent chance of permanence.

I agree with you that age has very little to do with successful marriage. But having learned to accept responsibility has everything to do with it. So many of the high school students who want to marry plan to live with their parents, or to subsist on an allowance from parents. The girls don't know how to cook, and they don't know a garden rake from a tuning fork. The boys think that, after marriage, they will still be able to spend every Saturday night with their boy friends, and if a baby comes along—too bad! Give it to Grandma.

Your case is quite different. At seventeen, you were obviously a woman. At nineteen, you are a credit to your parents, your husband and your community.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now seventeen. When I was fifteen my father died (my mother died when I was born), so I came to live with my married sister and her husband. Now I am desperately in love with my brother-in-law. He is also in love with me and has told me many times that fate was unkind because he did not meet me before he met my sister.

I am very fond of my sister, and I love her two babies as if they were my own; naturally, I don't want to hurt her.

On the other hand, am I not entitled to my love? Do I not have a right to marry the only man I will ever care for?

There is one other problem, besides my sister: My brother-in-law works for his father, who is very narrow-minded. If my brother-in-law and I eloped, his father would probably fire him. Because my brother-in-law is an older man of thirty, it might be hard for him to get a job. Maybe we could come to Hollywood. What do you think?

Gertrude G.

You are obviously an immature and romantic child, very much in love with love and lacking either a sense of loyalty to your sister or an insight into the terrible tragedy which you may be provoking.

As for your brother-in-law! Can't you see that he is cheating your sister of the security and respect to which she is entitled as his wife, and that he is making you look more than a little foolish?

Grow up, my dear. The next time this man asks you to leave the house with him, make an excuse. Be nice about it, be pleasant and casual—but refuse to be alone with him at any time. Keep busy with your girl friends and look around school for some nice boy to date.

Don't fall into a trap that could ruin your life and that of your sister.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Is it okay for a fellow to write to you? I hope so. Here is the situation: This girl moved to our town at the beginning of our school year. In classes we have talked and been friendly and we played opposite each other in the operetta. When we had our prom, everyone expected me to ask her, but I didn't. I went stag and she went with another fellow who asked me if I was going to invite her and when I said I wasn't he said, "Yeeow!" And I quote.

This should tell you what kind of a girl she is. She comes from a very fine, dignified family; she is exquisitely polite, has polished manners, and knows the proper way to do everything. She is intelligent and happy-natured.

I come from an average family. I am awkward and I don't know nice manners. I feel inferior to her, and that is why I didn't ask her to the prom. She isn't snotty, but she is so wonderful I didn't want to embarrass her.

How can a boy get good manners when his family does not know them? You see, I want to ask her to the next prom, and I want to do everything nice.

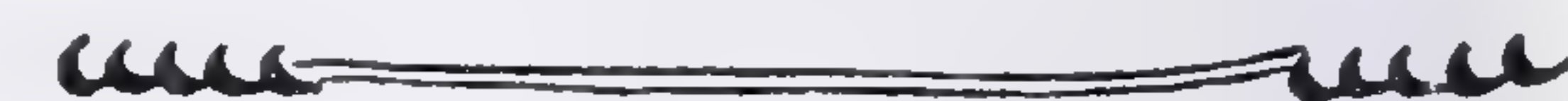
Jim A.

Don't be awed by etiquette. Actually, it is a very simple thing: Etiquette consists in behaving at all times in a thoughtful manner toward others.

You should buy a good book of etiquette. In case this is a bit too expensive for you right now, why not go to your public library for an hour each evening and read one of these volumes? Be sure to get a modern book because some of the older volumes contain many things which have changed with the passing years.

Incidentally, your letter answered a question in my mind and a question which has been asked many times by girl readers: Why didn't John or Bob or Tommy invite me to the prom? Perhaps John or Bob or Tommy really wanted to ask the girl for a date, but refrained for the very reason you had.

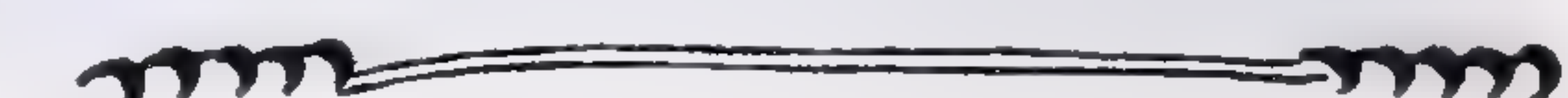
Claudette Colbert



Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



A GREAT BOOK BECOMES A GREATER PICTURE!

DICK POWELL and EVELYN KEYES

in "MRS. MIKE"

A man!

A woman!

A wilderness!

The strange triangle
of a woman who fought
a million miles of
northland for the
man she loved!...

with J. M. KERRIGAN • ANGELA CLARKE • John Miljan • Nan Boardman • Executive Producer SAMUEL BISCHOFF • Producer EDWARD GROSS • Directed by LOUIS KING • Screenplay by Alfred Lewis
Levitt and DeWitt Bodeen • Based on the novel by Benedict and Nancy Freedman • Presented by NASSOUR STUDIO in association with HUNTINGTON HARTFORD • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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of Kings Men



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**KINGS
MEN
Toiletries**
from \$1

IN FIRED 23-KARAT GOLD AND CRYSTAL

Casts of Current Pictures

ADAM'S RIB—M-G-M: Adam Bonner, Spencer Tracy; Amanda Bonner, Katharine Hepburn; Doris Attinger, Judy Holliday; Warren Attinger, Tom Ewell; Kip Lurie, David Wayne; Beryl Caighn, Jean Hagen; Olympia La Pere, Hope Emerson; Grace, Eve March; Judge Reiser, Clarence Kolb; Jules Frikke, Emerson Treacy; Mrs. McGrath, Polly Moran; Judge Marcasson, Will Wright; Dr. Margaret Brodeigh, Elizabeth Flournoy.

BEYOND THE FOREST—Warners: Rosa Moline, Bette Davis; Dr. Lewis Moline, Joseph Cotten; Neil Latimer, David Brian; Carol, Ruth Roman; Moose, Minor Watson; Jenny, Dona Drake; Sorren, Regis Toomey; Mildred, Sara Selby; Mrs. Wetch, Mary Servoss; Miss Elliott, Frances Charles.

BIG WHEEL, THE—Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA: Billy Coy, Mickey Rooney; Red Stanley, Thomas Mitchell; Vic Sullivan, Michael O'Shea; Louise Riley, Mary Hatcher; Mrs. Mary Coy, Spring Byington; Dolores Raymond, Lina Romy; Happy, Steve Brodie; George, Allen Jenkins; Reno Riley, Richard Lane.

BRIDE FOR SALE—Crest-RKO: Nora Shelley, Claudette Colbert; Steve Adams, Robert Young; Paul Martin, George Brent; Litka, Max Baer; Timothy, Gus Schilling; Dobbs, Charles Arnt; Miss Stone, Mary Bear; Miss Swanson, Ann Tyrrell; Gentry, Paul Maxey; Sitley, Burk Symon.

DANGEROUS PROFESSION, A—RKO: Kane, George Raft; Lucy, Ella Raines; Farley, Pat O'Brien; Brackett, Bill Williams; Ferrone, James Backus; McKay, Roland Winters; Elaine, Betty Underwood; Collins, Robert Gist; Dawson, David Wolfe.

DEADLY IS THE FEMALE—King-UA: Annie Laurie Starr, Peggy Cummins; Bart Tare, John Dall; Packett, Berry Kroeger; Judge Willoughby, Morris Carnovsky; Ruby Tare, Annabel Shaw; Clyde Boston, Harry Lewis; Bluey-Bluey, Stanley Praeger; Dave Allister, Nedrick Young; Sheriff Boston, Trevor Bardette; Bart Tare (Age 7), Mickey Little; Bart Tare (Age 14), Rusty Tamblyn; Clyde Boston (Age 14), Paul Frison; Dave Allister (Age 14), Dave Bair; Miss Wynn, Virginia Farmer; Miss Sifert, Anne O'Neal; Danceland Singer, Frances Irwin; Cadillac Driver, Don Beddoe; Hampton Policeman, Robert Osterloh; Cab Driver, Shiman Ruskin; Mr. Mallenberg, Harry Hayden.

FIGHTING MAN OF THE PLAINS—Holt-20th Century-Fox: Jim Dancer, Randolph Scott; Johnny Tancred, Bill Williams; Dave Oldham, Victor Jory; Florence Peel, Jane Nigh; Ken Vedder, Douglas Kennedy; Evelyn Slocum, Joan Taylor; Cliff Bailey, Berry Kroeger; Chandler Leach, Rhys Williams; Slocum, Barry Kelley; Hobson, James Todd; Yancey, Paul Fix; Cummings, James Millican; Meeker, Burk Symon; Jesse James, Dale Robertson; Lawyer, Herbert Rawlinson; Partridge, J. Farrell MacDonald; Lanyard, Harry Cheshire; Quantrell, James Griffith; Kerrigan, Tony Hughes; Currier, John Hamilton; Harmer, John Halloran; Travers, Cliff Clark; Hols, Anthony Jochim; Slattery, James Harrison; Ferryman, Matt Willis.

COIDEN STALLION, THE—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Stormy Billings, Dale Evans; Pepita Valdez, Estelita Rodriguez; Sparrow Biffle, Pat Brady; Jeff Middleton, Douglas Evans; Sheriff, Frank Fenton; Ben, Greg McClure; Ed Hart, Dale Van Sickel; Spud, Clarence Straight; Guard, Jack Sparks; Old Man, Chester Conklin; Foy Willing; The Riders of the Purple Sage.

GREAT LOVER, THE—Paramount: Freddie

Hunter, Bob Hope; Duchess Alexandria, Rhonda Fleming; C. J. Dabney, Roland Young; Grand Duke Maximillian, Roland Culver; Stanley, Richard Lyon; Tommy, Gary Gray; Herbie, Jerry Hunter; Joe, Jackie Jackson; Steve, Karl Wright Esser; Bill, Orley Lindgren; Humphrey, Curtis Loys Jackson Jr.; Williams, George Reeves; Higgins, Jim Backus; Attendant, Sig Arno.

KISS FOR CORLISS, A—Nasser-UA: Corliss Archer, Shirley Temple; Kenneth Marquis, David Niven; Mr. Archer, Tom Tully; Mildred, Virginia Welles; Dexter, Darryl Hickman; Raymond, Robert Ellis; Taylor, Richard Craig.

MALAYA—M-G-M: Carnahan, Spencer Tracy; John Ryer, James Stewart; Luana, Valentina Cortesa; The Dutchman, Sydney Greenstreet; Kellar, John Hodiak; John Manchester, Lionel Barrymore; Romano, Gilbert Roland; Bruno Gruber, Roland Winters; Col. Genichi Tomura, Ricardo Loo; Carlos Tassuma, Ian MacDonald; Matisson, Tom Helmore.

MY FOOLISH HEART—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO: Walt Dreiser, Dana Andrews; Eloise Winters, Susan Hayward; Lew Wengler, Kent Smith; Mary Jane, Lois Wheeler; Martha Winters, Jessie Royce Landis; Henry Winters, Robert Keith; Ramona, Gigi Perreau; Miriam Ball, Karin Booth; Her Escort, Tod Karns; Sgt. Lucey, Philip Pine; Night Club Singer, Martha Mears; Dean Whiting, Edna Holland; Usher, Jerry Paris; Grace, Marietta Canty; Red Cross receptionist, Barbara Woodell; Mrs. Crandall, Regina Wallace.

STORY OF SEABISCUIT, THE—Warners: Margaret O'Hara, Shirley Temple; Shawn O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald; Ted Knowles, Lon McCallister; Mrs. Charles S. Howard, Rosemary DeCamp; George Carson, Donald MacBride; Charles S. Howard, Pierre Watkin; Thomas Millford, William Forrest; Murphy, "Sugarfoot" Anderson; Jockey George Woolf, Wm. J. Cartledge.

THAT FORSYTE WOMAN—M-G-M: Soames Forsyte, Errol Flynn; Irene Forsyte, Greer Garson; Young Jolyon Forsyte, Walter Pidgeon; Philip Bosinney, Robert Young; June Forsyte, Janet Leigh; Old Jolyon Forsyte, Harry Davenport; James Forsyte, Aubrey Mather; Wilson, Gerald Oliver Smith.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—Rank-U-I: Capt. Paul Waggett, Basil Radford; Mrs. Waggett, Catherine Lacey; Sgt. Odd, Bruce Seton; Peggy Macroon, Joan Greenwood; Joseph Macroon, Wylie Watson; Catriona Macroon, Gabrielle Blunt; George Campbell, Gordon Jackson; Mrs. Campbell, Jean Cadell; Dr. MacLaren, James Robertson Justice; The Biffer, Morland Graham; Sammy MacCodrum, John Gregson; Roderick MacRuive, James Woodburn; Old Hector, James Anderson; Constable Macrae, Jameson Clark; Angus MacCormac, Duncan Macrae; Mrs. MacCormac, Mary MacNeil; Capt. MacPhee, Norman MacOwan; Capt. MacKechmie, Alistair Hunter; Mr. Farquharson, Henry Mollison; First Mate, Frank Webster; Capt. Bucher, Compton MacKenzie.

TOKYO JOE—Columbia: Joe Barrett, Humphrey Bogart; Mark Landis, Alexander Knox; Trina, Florence Marly; Baron Kimura, Sessue Hayakawa; Danny, Jerome Courtland; Idaho, Gordon Jones; Ito, Teru Shimada; Kanda, Hideo Mori; Gen. Ireton, Charles Meredith; Col. Dahlgren, Rhys Williams; Anya, Lora Lee Michel; Nani-San, Kyoko Kamo; Kamikaze, Gene Gondo; Maj. Loomis, Harold Goodwin; M.P. Capt., James Cardwell; Truck Driver, Frank Kumagai; Takenobu, Tetsu Komai; Hara, Otto Han; Goro, Yoson Tsuruta.

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Do YOU complain—it comes in here and
it goes out there?

Then read Sheilah Graham's sprightly story
about the high cost of movie living

In February Photoplay, on sale January 11

Here's a romantic
treat that'll take your
heart for a merry sleigh
ride—Mitchum playing
"Santa" to a lovely
young widow! And
wait'll he finds out the
mistletoe's loaded!



*Dear Santa...
Please bring me this
for Christmas!*



ROBERT MITCHUM
JANET LEIGH • WENDELL COREY

in a **DON HARTMAN** Production

Holiday Affair

with **GORDON GEBERT**

Produced and Directed by **DON HARTMAN** • Screenplay by Isobel Lennart



Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

PULL UP A PILLOW, pretty, and let me tell you about my dreamy F.M. That's my Favorite Man—and he answers to the familiar name of JOHNNY OLSEN, one of the great entertainers on the air. Of course, I have to share him with millions of admiring mademoiselles from 6 to 60, but he's still the lad who elicits "oh Johnny's" from me whenever I tune in on his "LADIES BE SEATED" program. Why, I'm just about glued to the chair while JOHNNY cavorts through a half-hour of fun with the females. And all those wonderful games and prizes! Incidentally, you'll find it most rewarding, too, participating in the "LADIES BE SEATED" Kindly Heart Award. JOHNNY tells all about this heart-warming listener feature on the program every week-day afternoon. You can join my generous JOHNNY (dear F.M. that he is) over your local ABC station at 3:30 P.M. (EST). When he says "LADIES BE SEATED" . . . kerplunk! . . . down I sit for a relaxing time, enhanced by pleasurable puffs on the F.M.'s (and my) favorite cigarette, Philip Morris, of course.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, there's no place like home . . . especially when it houses ART LINKLETTER'S happy "HOUSE PARTY," one of the nicest places to visit come high noon any weekday. This jovial jamboree takes the cake for being one of the gayest sessions sparking the airwaves. Hear Pillsbury's "HOUSE PARTY" (better batter that cake with Pillsbury, pretty!) with ART LINKLETTER, than - whom - there - is - none - better, noon to 12:25 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE, (wasn't that a "pop" tune once?) 'cause there's five minutes more to complete the half-hour link with "LINK." In this gal's opinion WALTER KIERNAN can't be beat when it comes to humanizing the news and making complicated, worldwide events seem simple, even to me. He's really been around, too . . . and how I do envy the experiences he's had interviewing the outstanding personalities of the day. Catch KIERNAN keynoting the news with "ONE MAN'S OPINION" every Monday through Friday, at 12:25 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station (yep, it's another wonderful Philip Morris program).

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Breakfast Club 9:00 A.M. EST
Don McNeill's wake-up-time.

My True Story 10:00 A.M. EST
Stories of human emotions.

Bride and Groom 2:30 P.M. EST
Boy meets girl—and weds.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

Brief Reviews

✓ (F) *ABANDONED*—U-I: A brisk movie meller about black market babies. Dennis O'Keefe is the reporter who exposes the racket with Gale Storm's help. With Raymond Burr, Marjorie Rambeau, Jeff Chandler, Meg Randall. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *ARCTIC FURY*—Plymouth-RKO: Raw, realistic chronicle of one man's fight for life in the Arctic wilds. Along with a handful of humans, the cast consists of bears, cougars, mad dogs. (Dec.)

✓✓ (A) *ANNA LUCASTA*—Columbia: Paulette Goddard sins, suffers and repents in this red-blooded romance based on Philip Yordan's play. With Bill Bishop, John Ireland, Oscar Homolka. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *BATTLEGROUND*—M-G-M: Van Johnson heads a topnotch cast in this war film graphically describing the Battle of Bastogne in 1944. With Marshall Thompson, Ricardo Montalban, John Hodiak, George Murphy. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *BRIMSTONE*—Republic: Walter Brennan, cattleman turned bandit, steals everything in sight, including the picture from Rod Cameron. With Forrest Tucker, Jim Davis, Adrian Booth. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *CHICAGO DEADLINE*—Paramount: An exciting mystery with reporter Alan Ladd sticking out his handsome neck to clear Donna Reed's reputation. With June Havoc, Arthur Kennedy. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS*—Gainsborough-U-I: Here is history on a grand scale with Fredric March making a fine *Columbus* and Florence Eldridge a gracious *Queen Isabella*. A sumptuous spectacle with Francis Sullivan, Derek Bond. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *DOCTOR AND THE GIRL, THE*—M-G-M: A heart-appealing drama in which doctor Glenn Ford makes Janet Leigh's pulse beat faster. With Charles Coburn, Gloria De Haven. (Nov.)

(F) *DOWN DAKOTA WAY*—Republic: Fast-paced but not too original prairie yarn featuring Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Roy Barcroft. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *EVERYBODY DOES IT*—20th Century-Fox: You'll laugh long and loud over the hilarious antics of Paul Douglas in this amusing comedy. Celeste Holm is his socialite wife, Linda Darnell a sultry grand opera singer, Charles Coburn and Millard Mitchell are part of the rumpus. (Nov.)

(F) *FATHER WAS A FULLBACK*—20th Century-Fox: The domestic life of a college football coach with Fred MacMurray as father, Maureen O'Hara as mother and Betty Lynn and Natalie Wood as their more or less normal kids. (Nov.)

(F) *FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN, THE*—Republic: A big boring costume film in which soldier John Wayne woos French refugee Vera Ralston. With Marie Windsor, Philip Dorn, Oliver Hardy. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *GAL WHO TOOK THE WEST, THE*—U-I: This spoof on the Old West, featuring Yvonne DeCarlo, Charles Coburn, Scott Brady and John Russell, is plumb full of feudin' and flirtin'. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *GIRL IN THE PAINTING, THE*—Prestige-U-I: British human interest drama starring Mai Zetterling as an inmate of a displaced persons' camp. Robert Beatty is the artist who paints her, Guy Rolfe the gallant major who rescues her. (Nov.)

✓✓✓ (F) *HEIRESS, THE*—Paramount: A fascinating period piece set in 19th-century New York. Olivia de Havilland movingly portrays the shy daughter of exacting Ralph Richardson. Dashing Monty Clift introduces romance into Olivia's drab life, Miriam Hopkins completes a fine cast. (Oct.)

(A) *HIDDEN ROOM, THE*—Rank-Eagle Lion: Far-fetched British murder yarn with Robert Newton as a would-be killer, Sally Gray as his unfaithful wife, Phil Brown as the victim. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *I MARRIED A COMMUNIST*—RKO: This taut, timely thriller presents Robert Ryan as a guy with a rosy future but a very red past. With Laraine Day, Thomas Gomez, Janis Carter, John Agar. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE*—20th Century-Fox: In this comedy of errors, Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan exchange insults and share the discomforts of Army life. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *IT'S A GREAT FEELING*—Warners: This lively laugh-getter has Doris Day, Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson kidding Hollywood and each other. Bill Goodwin joins in the fun. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *JOHNNY STOOL PIGEON*—U-I: An entertaining thriller with government agent Howard Duff trailing a ring of dope peddlers. Dan Durvea grudgingly helps him; Shelley Winters finds Duff fascinating. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (F) *JOLSON SINGS AGAIN*—Columbia: The combined talents of Al Jolson and Larry Parks make this latest chapter of "The Jolson Story" thoroughly enjoyable. With Barbara Hale. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (F) *LOST BOUNDARIES*—Film Classics: W. L. White's poignant story, blasting racial prejudice, has been made into a strong human drama. Mel Ferrer, Beatrice Pearson, Richard Hylton, Susan Douglas turn in fine performances. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *LOVE HAPPY*—Pickford-UA: A laugh-happy shindig starring those mad Marx Brothers, Ilona Massey, Vera-Ellen and Marion Hutton. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *MADAME BOVARY*—M-G-M: The famous French novel becomes an eye-filling picture with a topflight cast including Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, Louis Jourdan and James Mason. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND*—Columbia: Secretary Lucille Ball outsmarts her tricky boss, Bill Holden, in this funny farce, and it isn't done with mirrors, either. Lucille is a riot. With James Gleason, Frank McHugh, Janis Carter. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *MY FRIEND IRMA*—Paramount: A flighty farce based on the popular radio program with Marie Wilson, John Lund, Diana Lynn, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL*—20th Century-Fox: June Haver, Mark Stevens, S. Z. Sakall and Gale Robbins dress up a mediocre filmu-

sical on the life of composer Fred Fisher. The story is weak, the music delightfully nostalgic. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *ONCE MORE, MY DARLING*—U-I: This frothy affair teams bachelor Bob Montgomery and debutante Ann Blyth. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (A) *PINKY*—20th Century-Fox: A stirring "problem picture" of a colored girl's conflict to pass as white. Jeanne Crain scores as the girl and William Lundigan is the white man she loves. Ethel Waters makes Jeanne a wonderful granny; Ethel Barrymore is fine as a southern aristocrat. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *PRINCE OF FOXES*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular is the word for this colorful costume drama crammed with romance and intrigue. Tyrone Power and Wanda Hendrix furnish the romance, Orson Welles and Everett Sloane the intrigue. With Felix Aylmer, Katina Paxinou. (Nov.)

✓ (A) *RECKLESS MOMENT, THE*—Walter Wanger-Columbia: Mother love is the keynote of a passable suspense story starring Joan Bennett and James Mason. With Geraldine Brooks, Sheppard Strudwick, Roy Roberts. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *RED DANUBE, THE*—M-G-M: An absorbing political drama of Russian "illegals" in post-war Vienna. There's a tear-stained romance 'twixt refugee Janet Leigh and British officer Peter Lawford. A good cast includes Walter Pidgeon, Angela Lansbury, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Calhern. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *RED, HOT AND BLUE*—Paramount: Betty Hutton clowns like mad in this slapstick farce. To the distress of her sensible sweetie, Vic Mature, Betty becomes embroiled in all sorts of wild schemes. With William Demarest and June Havoc. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *RED LIGHT*—Roy Del Ruth-UA: George Raft avenges the murder of his brother in this briskly paced thriller with Virginia Mayo, Raymond Burr, Gene Lockhart and Henry Morgan. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *ROSEANNA McCOY*—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO: It's love versus hate in this romantic backwoods drama. Dynamic Farley Granger and talented young newcomer Joan Evans, score as the couple who defy their feuding families. With Raymond Massey, Richard Basehart, Charles Bickford, Marshall Thompson, Aline McMahon. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *SAVAGE SPLENDOR*—RKO: An exciting and colorful record of the Denis-Cotlow expedition to Africa. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *SCENE OF THE CRIME*—M-G-M: Van Johnson turns detective in this fairly suspenseful whodunit. With Arlene Dahl, Tom Drake, Gloria De Haven. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON*—Argosy-RKO: Chalk this up as the biggest, best Western of the year. John Wayne convincingly plays an Indian fighter in the U. S. Cavalry. John Agar and Joanne Dru are the romantic interest. Victor McLaglen supplies the humor. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *SLATTERY'S HURRICANE*—20th Century-Fox: Ex-Navy pilot Richard Widmark steers a stormy course 'twixt Linda Darnell and Veronica Lake with John Russell on the sidelines. A rather squally affair enlivened by a hurricane. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *SONG OF SURRENDER*—Paramount: This New England *Cinderella* story has youthful Wanda Hendrix married to aging Claude Rains. Macdonald Carey turns up to give Wanda a glimpse of a more glamorous life. (Nov.)

(F) *SOUTH OF RIO*—Republic: A two-fisted, fast-paced Western with Monte Hale as a ranger and Douglas Kennedy as his outlaw brother. Plenty of hard ridin' and shootin' in this hoss opera featuring Roy Barcroft and Paul Hurst. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *STRANGE BARGAIN*—RKO: Jeffrey Lynn gets into quite a jam in this murder meller which has an interesting suicide angle. A capable cast includes Martha Scott, Henry Morgan, Katherine Emery, Henry O'Neill. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *SWORD IN THE DESERT*—U-I: This fictionalized account of the Palestine underground of 1947 is an exciting drama drawn from recent headlines. Dana Andrews is cast as a sullen American skipper hired to smuggle the "illegals" into the country. Marta Toren, Stephen McNally and Jeff Chandler are staunch supporters of the cause. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *TASK FORCE*—Warners: A gripping picture describing the U. S. Navy's role in World War II. Gary Cooper scores as a naval officer; Jane Wyatt is his sensible wife. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *THAT MIDNIGHT KISS*—M-G-M: Here's a gay songfest introducing Mario Lanza, a terrific young tenor. Kathryn Grayson is the gal who inspires him, Ethel Barrymore his fairy godmother, Jose Iturbi, the man who hires him. In the humor department there's Thomas Gomez, Keenan Wynn, J. Carrol Naish and Jules Munshin. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *THIEVES' HIGHWAY*—20th Century-Fox: Tough taut thriller in which truckman Richard Conte learns about the produce business from thieving Lee J. Cobb and about love from Valentina Cortese and Barbara Lawrence. A strong story, well acted, with Millard Mitchell, Jack Oakie. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *TOP O' THE MORNING*—Paramount: Bing Crosby in a chucklesome Irish fable about the missing Blarney Stone. With Ann Blyth, Barry Fitzgerald and Hume Cronyn. (Oct.)

✓ (A) *UNDER CAPRICORN*—Transatlantic-Warners: Portraying a lady who loves her liquor, Ingrid Bergman lends credibility to this sombre romance of Old Australia. With Joseph Cotten, Michael Wilding, Margaret Leighton and Cecil Parker. (Oct.)

✓ (A) *WHITE HEAT*—Warners: Jimmy Cagney goes gun crazy in this violently vicious gangland drama. Virginia Mayo is Cagney's two-timing spouse, Edmond O'Brien, a stalwart T-man out to nail him, Steve Cochran, a fellow mobster. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY*—U-I: A high-spirited collegiate comedy with Donald O'Connor, Gloria De Haven, Charles Coburn. (Oct.)

Man with a past
...meets woman
with no future
...in the last
port of call for
adventurer,
renegade, and
outcast!

"I could be a one man
woman...
if I could
find the
right man!"

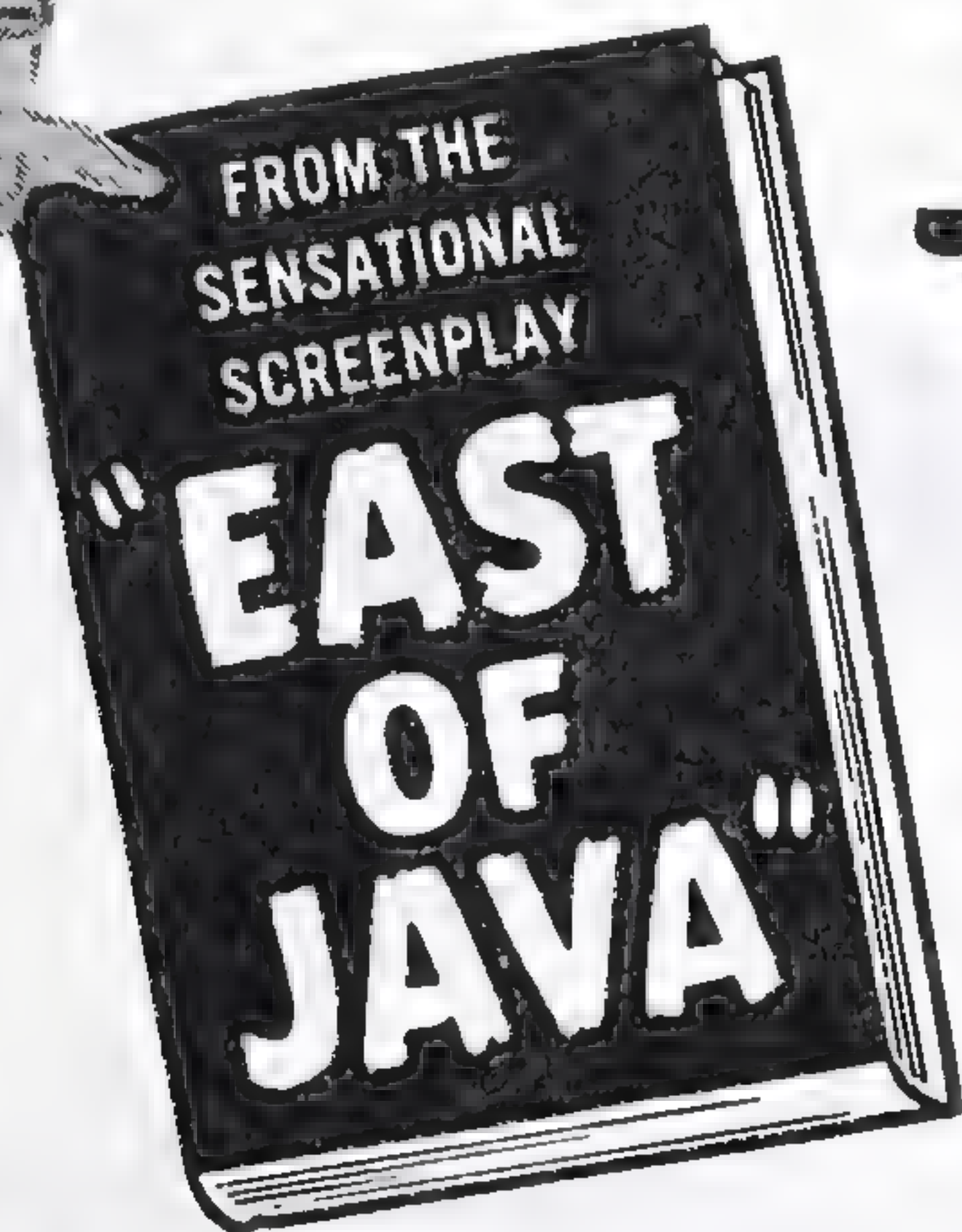
(It's Shelley, that wonderful bad girl at her...best!)

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SHELLEY WINTERS • MACDONALD CAREY
HELENA CARTER



with LUTHER ADLER • FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE



new sensation
of the piano!

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE



Legal laughter: Spencer Tracy, David Wayne, Katharine Hepburn wind up a case of pure hysteria

✓✓ (F) *Adam's Rib* (M-G-M)

IF it's laughs you are after, this is for you. It's all about a pair of legal beagles who battle each other in court, but court each other at home.

Katharine Hepburn, looking very chic, spiritedly portrays a lady lawyer imbued with social justice for her sex. Spencer Tracy scores as her attorney-husband, whose masculine pride is hurt by his wife's superior showing. And it doesn't help matters when man-about-town David Wayne makes a play for Katy. Judy Holliday excels as Katy's dumb client on trial for shooting her two-timing mate. Tom Ewell and Jean Hagen are very funny as the two other figures in the triangle.

One and all rate your applause, with Hepburn turning in a really sparkling performance.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a gloom chaser.

✓ (A) *Tight Little Island* (Rank-UI)

ADVERTINGLY different film emerges from Compton Mackenzie's novel, "Whiskey Galore." Teetotalers may not approve of this picture, dealing as it does with the alcoholic problems of a group of Hebrides Islanders.

Faced by a whiskey famine, they are an unhappy and very thirsty lot until a ship, carrying a cargo of choice liquor, is wrecked off shore. There's a mad rush to salvage some of the precious stuff. As captain of the Home Guard, stuffy Basil Bradford feels called upon to stop the islanders, but they have their ways of thwarting him.

Lovely Joan Greenwood and manly Bruce Seton make a romantic twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Bit of British whimsy.



Racetrack romance: In spite of the odds, *Cupid* comes in first for Shirley Temple, Lon McCallister

✓ (F) *The Story of Seabiscuit* (Warners)

HOW an unpromising colt develops into a champion racer is entertainingly recounted in Technicolor. Barry Fitzgerald is Seabiscuit's trainer, with an uncanny knowledge of horses and humans.

A sub-plot describes the on-and-off-again romance 'twixt Shirley Temple and jockey Lon McCallister. Although Lon is a fine fellow, she refuses to marry him unless he gives up riding. And that's like asking him to stop breathing.

This tale of the turf is not world-shaking by any means, but there are several exciting racing sequences and Fitzgerald is very amusing in the role of a crafty *Cupid*. Rosemary DeCamp and Donald MacBride complete a satisfactory cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Toast to a thoroughbred.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

✓✓✓ Outstanding ✓✓ Very good ✓ Good
F—For the whole family A—For adults



War casualty: Dana Andrews is the target for Susan Hayward's affections in this dramatically told tale

✓✓ (A) **My Foolish Heart**
(Samuel Goldwyn-RKO)

TOLD in flashback, this is a touchingly tragic tale of a war romance gone awry. Eloquent acting plus deft direction and dialogue sets it apart from the usual sentimental love story.

Susan Hayward packs plenty of emotion in her portrayal of impetuous youth. As the handsome object of her affections, Dana Andrews turns on the charm full force. Robert Keith, recruited from the stage, excels as Susan's understanding father. Lois Wheeler makes her a fine friend and Kent Smith seesaws between the girls. Gigi Perreau provides a note of pathos as Susan's youngster.

A weak ending leaves you in grave doubt over Susan's future.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderfully weepy.

Stage

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 20

**For Best Pictures of the Month
and Best Performances See Page 26**

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 22



Salt water taffy: A duchess, a murderer and some Boy Foresters keep Bob Hope going at a merry clip

✓✓ (F) **The Great Lover** (Paramount)

WITH a luxury liner for its setting, Bob Hope's latest comedy sails along at a fine clip. Rhonda Fleming, a duchess, gets to be Bob's best girl.

Hope is comical as the unhappy leader of a group of Boy Foresters, returning from a hectic tour of Europe. Hope confides his troubles to Roland Young, a professional gambler with a penchant for choking anyone rash enough to beat him at poker. In company with her father, Richard Culver, Rhonda seeks fame and fortune in the New World only to get sidetracked by Bob.

What with wooing a dreamy duchess, playing high-stake poker with her father, constantly ducking his persistent little charges and foiling a mad murderer, Bob is the busiest guy you ever saw.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the funny bone.

✓ (F) **Malaya** (M-G-M)

HERE'S a lively movie, taking you to Jap-infested Malaya in company of jailbird Spencer Tracy and newspaperman Jimmy Stewart. Their undercover mission to smuggle much-needed supplies of rubber out of the territory for the American war effort encounters many obstacles. However, Stewart isn't easily discouraged and Tracy has his freedom at stake. They enlist the aid of scheming Sydney Greenstreet.

In the romance department, there's sweet-'n'-spicy Valentina Cortesa. John Hodiak is a friendly FBI man, Lionel Barrymore, a newspaper publisher, Gilbert Roland, the leader of a guerrilla band, and Richard Loo, a Jap colonel.

Your Reviewer Says: Good adventure film.

✓ (F) Tokyo Joe (Columbia)

NEVER one to dodge danger, Humphrey Bogart is right at home in this oriental mystery romance.

Returning to postwar Tokyo, where he once ran a night club and was married to exotic Florence Marly, Bogie finds she divorced him to become the wife of influential Alexander Knox. Still carrying a torch for her, Bogart determines to win her back in the brief time he is permitted to remain there by the U. S. Occupation Forces. Hoping to extend his stay, Bogie becomes involved in a shady deal with the ex-head of the Japanese Secret Service. As played by silent screen star Sessue Hayakawa, he is *Mister Menace* himself.

Bogart exhibits his customary brand of hard-boiled heroism; Marly is very decorative, Knox sympathetic and Jerome Courtland a personable young American pilot.

Your Reviewer Says: Sinister stuff.

(A) Deadly is the Female
(King Brothers-UA)

WHETHER you find this movie thrilling or depressing, depends on your capacity for violence. It's exciting in a sordid sort of way, describing how a pair of modern bandits, Peggy Cummins and John Dall, are brought together by a mania for shooting.

Her soft feminine appearance notwithstanding, Peggy proves she can play this Virginia Mayo type of role, a gal who is bad clean through. Dall, who scored in Hitchcock's "Rope" last season, again delivers a striking performance. Berry Kroeger sneers effectively as a crooked carnival operator.

Your Reviewer Says: Trigger-taut meller.

(F) A Dangerous Profession
(RKO)

THE BAIL bond racket engages George Raft's attention here, and the company he keeps is far from elegant. As an expoliceman, however, Raft knows how to handle crooks of every description. It takes Ella Raines to throw him off balance. For her sweet sake, George goes 'way out on a limb to the disgust of his plainspoken partner, Pat O'Brien. The story is confused and talky.

Bill Williams, as Ella's black-sheep husband, and George Backus, as a persistent detective, complete an adequate cast. When all is said and done, however, they portray a dreary set of characters, involved in dreary doings.

Your Reviewer Says: Mediocre mystery.

✓ (A) Beyond the Forest
(Warners)

THIS turbulent tale of illicit love has Bette Davis portraying with great gusto, a bold vixen whose black hair matches her very black heart.

Dissatisfied with her doctor-husband, Joseph Cotten, and their small-town life, Bette is guilty of every crime in the book from deceit to murder. David Brian is the man Bette is after because he represents escape, excitement, luxury.

Although this movie holds your interest, the mood becomes maudlin toward the end. Davis is out to win the title of filmdom's Female Delinquent Number One; Cotten conveys quiet dignity; Brian expresses sheer male magnetism. Ruth Roman, Minor Watson and Dona Drake lend satisfactory support.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of a wicked woman.

(F) A Kiss For Corliss
(Nasser-UA)

WANTED: A suitable story for Shirley Temple. And that goes for David Niven, too. They certainly don't have it in this flighty farce.

As Corliss Archer, Shirl is a very dainty dish. However, she is made to behave like no teen-ager you ever knew or would want to know, either. To punish her blundering boy friend, Darryl Hickman, Shirl concocts a mythical romance with the much married and divorced Niven. Then, when her scheme backfires, she pretends to be an amnesia victim.

In the role of Shirl's frantic father, Tom Tully erupts all over the place. Virginia Welles and Robert Ellis are a couple of cute kids who take part in the hubbub. As young Hickman keeps saying, "Holy cow!"

Your Reviewer Says: On the silly side.

(F) Bride for Sale (Crest-RKO)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Robert Young and George Brent do their utmost to amuse you in this romantic romp. Half the time they succeed.

Claudette, as a former WAC officer, lands an executive job in the accountancy office of bachelor Brent. Having done her share of globe-trotting, Claudette decides it's time to settle down with an eligible husband. Loathe to lose her valuable services, Brent persuades his archaeologist-friend Young to fix it so that Claudette will forget about marriage and concentrate on her career. With a smart cookie like Claudette, however, it isn't long before the boys are playing "she loves me, she loves me not."

Your Reviewer Says: A giddy game of hearts.

✓ (F) The Big Wheel
(Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA)

DAREDEVIL Mickey Rooney gives you the ride of your life in this movie about America's most dangerous sport, auto racing. The careening cars, screeching brakes, spectacular collisions and hairbreadth escapes are all here.

Son of speed maniac Cannonball Coy, who met a violent end on the Indianapolis Track many years previously, racing comes naturally to young Rooney. After landing a mechanic's job with auto garage owner Thomas Mitchell, there's no holding Mickey down. His cockiness doesn't endear him to

the other boys, especially scrappy Michael O'Shea who keeps needling him. But winsome Mary Hatcher, who knows all about cars and has yet to learn about men, admires Mickey for being such a game little guy. And Mom Spring Byington thinks her boy is just perfect.

If it's thrills and spills you want, this is the picture for you.

Your Reviewer Says: Paging all speed demons.

(F) Fighting Man of the Plains
(Nat Holt-20th Century-Fox)

THE YEAR is 1863, the place Kansas and the fugitive from prairie justice, rugged Randy Scott.

As the notorious *Jim Dancer*, Randy has done his share of lootin' and shootin' but there is still one man on his list, rascally Barry Kelley, the murderer of his brother. Who will catch up with whom first, is the question. Gambler Victor Jory knows Scott's real identity and so does Jane Nigh. Then there's good-for-nothing Bill Williams, who wants to be marshal and resents it no end when the townsfolk appoint Randy. Williams suspects he isn't the detective he pretends to be, and means to find out.

Altogether, it's a fair-to-middlin' Western with Cinecolor trimmings and a guy named Scott.

Your Reviewer Says: Passable prairie yarn.

✓✓ (F) That Forsyte Woman
(M-G-M)

THE ACCENT is on romanticism in this handsome period piece based on John Galsworthy's classic, "The Forsyte Saga." It provides Greer Garson with her greatest role since "Mrs. Miniver" and lends fresh impetus to her career.

As Irene, Greer is very real and gracious and feminine to her fingertips in her beautiful costumes. Errol Flynn will surprise you as the cold and correct *Soames* whom Greer marries against her better judgment. It's quite a departure from those dashing *Lothario* roles of yore, but Flynn is more than equal to it. Two other men prominently figure in Greer's life, artist Walter Pidgeon, who has been disinherited by the ultra-conservative *Forsytes*, and architect Robert Young, about to be accepted by the family as Janet Leigh's fiancé. Trouble is, Young no longer wants to marry the girl-ishly appealing Janet after meeting Greer.

Talky at times, this is nevertheless Grade A drama, splendidly acted and tastefully produced in Technicolor.

Your Reviewer Says: Elegantly romantic.

(F) The Golden Stallion
(Republic)

IMAGINE Roy Rogers without Trigger. Worse, imagine him behind bars on a murder charge. Of course, Roy only confesses to the killing to gain time so his beloved Trigger won't be shot. Douglas Evans is the snake-in-the-sagebrush who frames Rogers and buys Trigger at auction. The idea is to train the horse to lead a wild herd, roaming along the Mexican border. One of them is smuggling in diamonds cleverly concealed in a shoe.

It's a fast-moving outdoor story in Cinecolor with the four-legged performers outnumbering and outsmarting the two-legged ones. Dale Evans, Estelita Rodriguez and Pat Brady join Roy and Foy Willing and the Purple Sagers in their cowboy ditties.

Your Reviewer Says: For the bubble-gum set.

Best Pictures of the Month

Adam's Rib

My Foolish Heart

That Forsyte Woman

Best Performances of the Month

Katharine Hepburn in "Adam's Rib"

*Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart
in "Malaya"*

*Susan Hayward, Dana Andrews,
Robert Keith in "My Foolish Heart"*

*Barry Fitzgerald in "The Story
of Seabiscuit"*

*Greer Garson, Errol Flynn in
"That Forsyte Woman"*



*"I had to watch a
Three-day Football game!"*

says SUSAN HAYWARD,
co-starred with DANA ANDREWS
in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production,
"MY FOOLISH HEART"

Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...



I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...



Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...



And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...



Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it by making the easy test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1+ plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

"I know the devil that is in you
—you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!"

Samuel Shellabarger's
**PRINCE
of FOXES**

*A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!...
Three Years in
the Making!...
A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!*

20th
CENTURY-FOX

TYRONE POWER ♦ ORSON WELLES ♦ WANDA HENDRIX ♦

WITH MARINA BERTI ♦ EVERETT SLOANE ♦ KATINA PAXINOU ♦ FELIX AYLMER
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING ♦ PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL

SCREEN PLAY BY MILTON KRIMS ♦ FROM THE NOVEL BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT! ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE
THEATRE WHEN HE WILL PLAY IT!



Prelude to tragedy: June and the late Dr. Duzik

END OF A LOVE STORY

BY RUTH WATERBURY

There was no time for tears for June Haver, whose vigil by Dr.

John Duzik's bedside kept on long after hope was gone

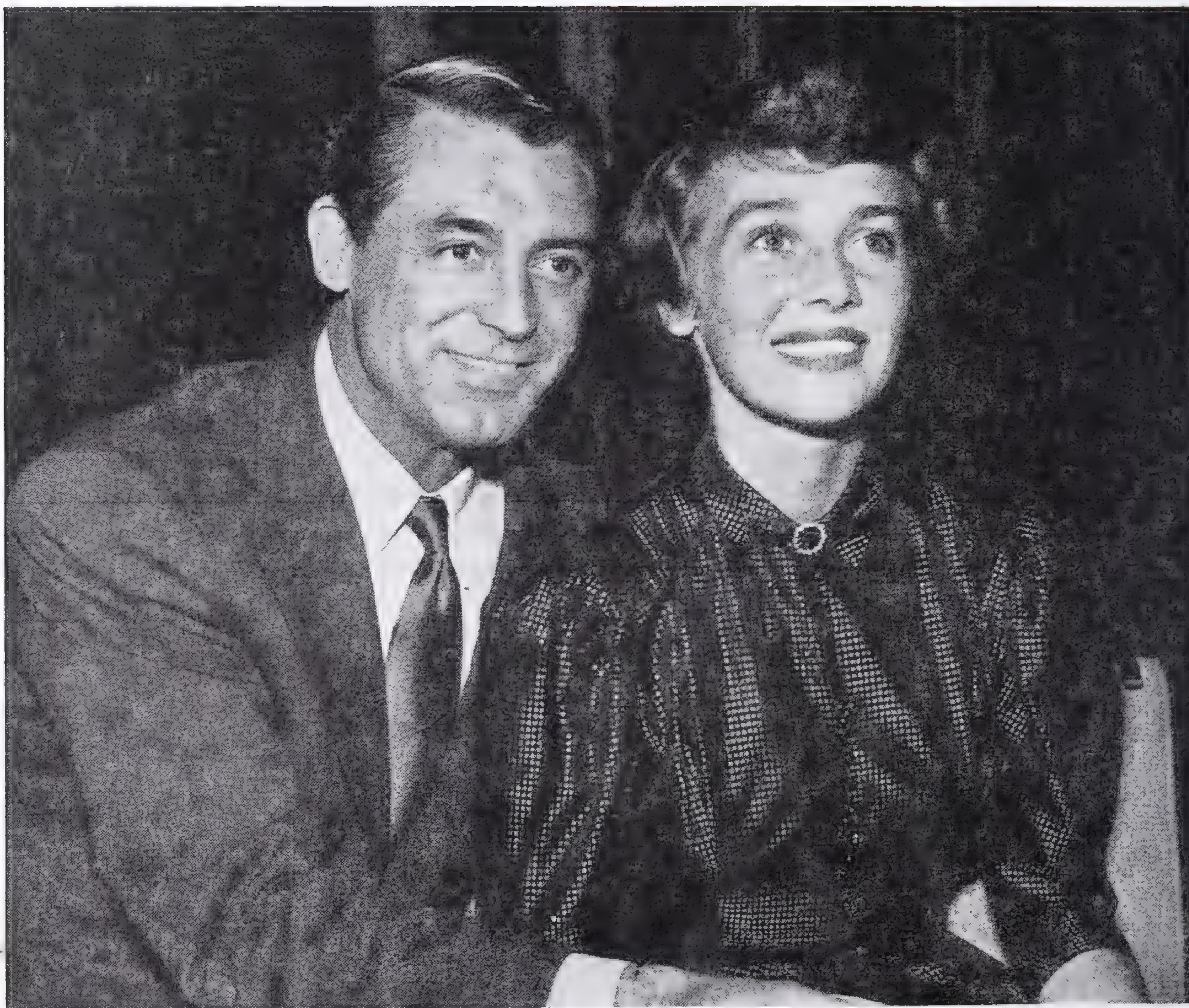
JUNE HAVER walked very quietly into the coffee shop on the ground floor of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. She was pale as she climbed up on a counter stool. The waitresses waited for her to speak, but she seemed to be looking straight through them. "Coffee, Junie?" one of them asked. "Please." She spooned off a little of the hot black coffee, then drank it halfway down the cup.

The waitresses had never met the little movie star before her fiancé, Dr. John Duzik, had been admitted to St. John's for an emergency operation. It had been a big thrill for them when she had popped in for a quick cup of coffee that day. But, in the past six terrible weeks, she had become the adopted child of all of them. They knew the dreadful news from upstairs; how, after Dr. Duzik's operation, it had been discovered that he was a hemophiliac—a bleeder. They knew also, that he had developed uremic poisoning, had been in delirium.

Still, it was hope that made one of them say, (Continued on page 69)



They've got marriage



Cary of "I Was a Male War Bride" may be a spring bridegroom. Betsy Drake is in "Dancing in the Dark"

ON THEIR MINDS



by Louella O. Parsons

IS Cary Grant going to marry Betsy Drake? If so, when, and why have they waited so long?

I'm happy to report that Betsy will become Mrs. Grant in the early winter, after she fulfills promises she has made to star in two motion pictures.

For more than a year, of course, everybody has been gossiping about Betsy and Cary. It has been said and written that they had eloped, that they were secretly married, and then, that they had cooled! I even indulged in a little prognosticating, myself. But it was all guesswork. Both Cary and Betsy refused to talk, and nothing could get them to change their minds.

And then, a lucky "accident" came my way. I had set up an interview with Betsy, to talk about her career, and maybe get a word or two about Cary. But it must have been my day. Cary wasn't working! And he had arranged to pick up Betsy at my house! Before he arrived, Betsy put it very simply.

"If I should marry before I have at least two successful pictures, no matter how good I might be, I would simply be known as Mrs. Cary Grant. I hope later to make a picture with Cary, but now I have two to do alone, one a comedy, and the other a drama."

Betsy was in the process of telling me how much she admired Cary, when he walked in. He'd been at M-G-M making a short for the (Continued on page 90)

**Cary and Betsy won't talk about
their plans, Hollywood insisted.
And they never did. Until
"Scoop" Parsons talked them
into a talkative mood**

MY PRAYER

BY JUNE ALLYSON

*H*ere so glad, so gay we three
Meet the new half-century.
Grateful on this holiday,
For all children let us pray.
Eyes of children looking up
To the fullness of Thy cup,
Hands of children trustfully,
Asking little things of Thee.
Faith of children everywhere
These, the fabric of our prayer.
Let Thy blessings find them, Lord;
Let Thy wisdom sheathe the sword.
Let their lives unfold in worth,
Health and gladness, peace on earth.

June Allyson of "The Reformer and the Redhead," daughter Pamela Allyson and Dick Powell of "Mrs. Mike"

Engstea



Some New Year's hangovers—without any headaches! They are the result of old resolutions that headed these stars on a different course



A storm changed Van Heflin's mind—started a new resolution



It was New Year's Eve in London and Bob Taylor was lonely—until Big Ben tolled the hour



Mitch Leisen and others changed Betty Hutton's future plans



Remembering how she felt over an old friend's greeting gave Anne Baxter a New Year incentive



That New Year's Day in Mexico with Ben Gage crystalized a resolution for homesick Esther

TWELVE bells and all is well. Or is it?

Come New Year's and motion picture stars, together with the rest of the world, renew their acquaintance with resolutions made in the past. Some auld. Some aulder.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage remember a New Year's Eve in Mexico where they were equally homesick. Esther was on location there making "Fiesta," and Ben had flown down to spend the holidays with her. They attended a dance in the hotel and tried to be very gay. But they wanted to celebrate their first "married" New Year's among familiar faces back home. Twelve o'clock, and nothing happened. This was too much. But one minute past midnight and, as per Mexican custom, the orchestra struck up "Diana," the traditional Mexican song played for the toreadors at bull fights and on all momentous occasions. Then, in tribute to Esther and Ben, the orchestra went into the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." The Mexican people picked it up, some singing in English, some in Spanish, and some just smiling and clapping (*Continued on page 68*)

once upon a new year's

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Watching the old year out with John at 42nd Street and Broadway, Marie Lund made a vow



As husband and wife, Kirk Douglas and Deanna Durbin would be headed in the same direction
Smith



Farley Granger and Joan Evans have enough in common to settle any differences over an ice cream soda
Fink and Smith

I'd like to see them

by *Sheilah Graham*

Sheilah shoots her arrows at some

romantic possibilities and

ends up in a matrimonial tangle



Rent control would end for Monty Clift if he married Joan Fontaine
Coplan



If Liz Taylor married Lew Ayres, she'd discover some priceless books and he'd dance to some priceless tunes!

Ornitz



Marriage to Ann Blyth would give Peter Lawford some of the things he hasn't missed in other girls

Jones

MARRY—

CLARK GABLE speaking. "Baby, will you marry me?"

Paulette Goddard replying. "Why, of course, Sugar."

Fantastic? Not especially. Anything can happen in the Hollywood Love Department. And it usually does, for better or worse.

With this in mind, I've dreamed up a few marital combinations of my own—some for the sake of the fireworks that would result and, for good measure, a few that I believe would result in idylls.

To go back to Clark Gable and Paulette Goddard; I can just see them in a cottage for two, a very big cottage for two. They'll need plenty of elbow room. For marriage is more than making love or laughing at the same jokes. (Continued on page 92)



Stewart Granger and Joan Crawford, married, would make the atom bomb sound like a whisper



Bob Hope shows "Aunt Alice of El Segundo" the world he lives in today

Everything happened to Bob,
even Mr. Rockefeller, who
couldn't spare a dime—
but did teach him a lesson

IT was forty-one years ago, and yet I remember, as though it were yesterday, that wonderful morning when my sister-in-law, Avis Hope, arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, from England, together with her six sons.

In the order of their ages they were, those little boys in their Eton jackets with their spotless white collars, highly polished shoes and perfectly combed hair: Ivor, Jim, Fred, Jack, Les and Syd. As the busy mother of three boys of my own, I definitely didn't know which of my small nephews was which. Certainly, in my wildest dreams, I never imagined that one day I would be known as "Aunt Alice of El Segundo" to (Continued on page 87)

My nephew



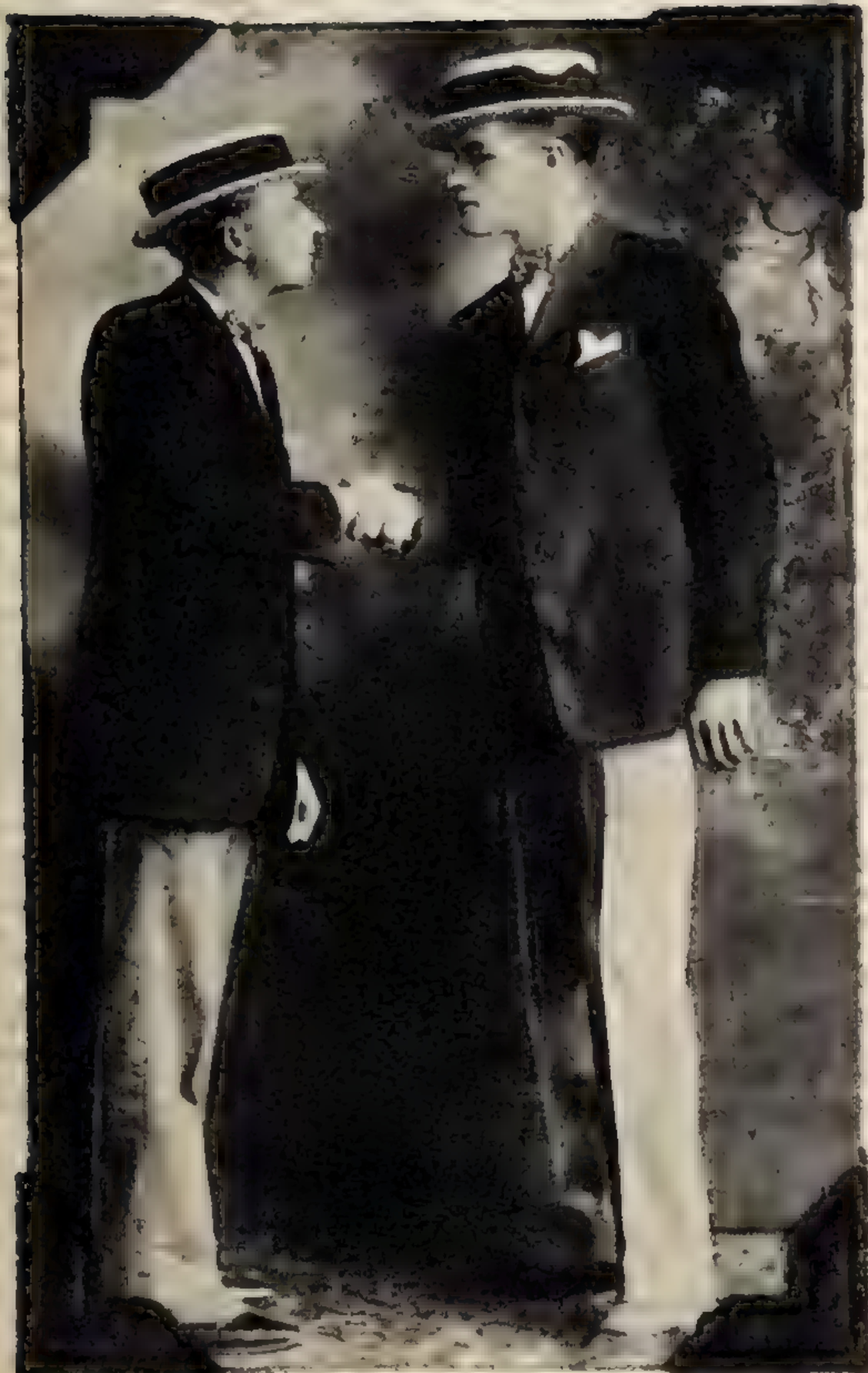
Age 10—then Lester Hope

BOB HOPE

by *Mrs. Alice Hope*



An early picture of the Hope boys with their parents: Top row, Fred, Jack and Ivor. Second row, Mrs. Hope, Sydney and Mr. Hope. Bottom row, George and Bob, nicknamed "Hopeless"



With his first stage partner George Byrne. They played the tank towns



Bob, in his first car, which he later smashed up. Girl was stage partner



Bob and wife, Dolores. They haven't changed in seventeen years



The girl that he married—Barbara Hale of “And Baby Makes Three”
Fink and Smith

Being married to a girl who uses her heart instead of her head is a help—when trouble comes knocking at your door



Bill didn't need those bad times to know how much Barbara meant to him



Jody, the baby who made it all worth while. Bill's in "Dangerous Profession"

no one
else

could take her place

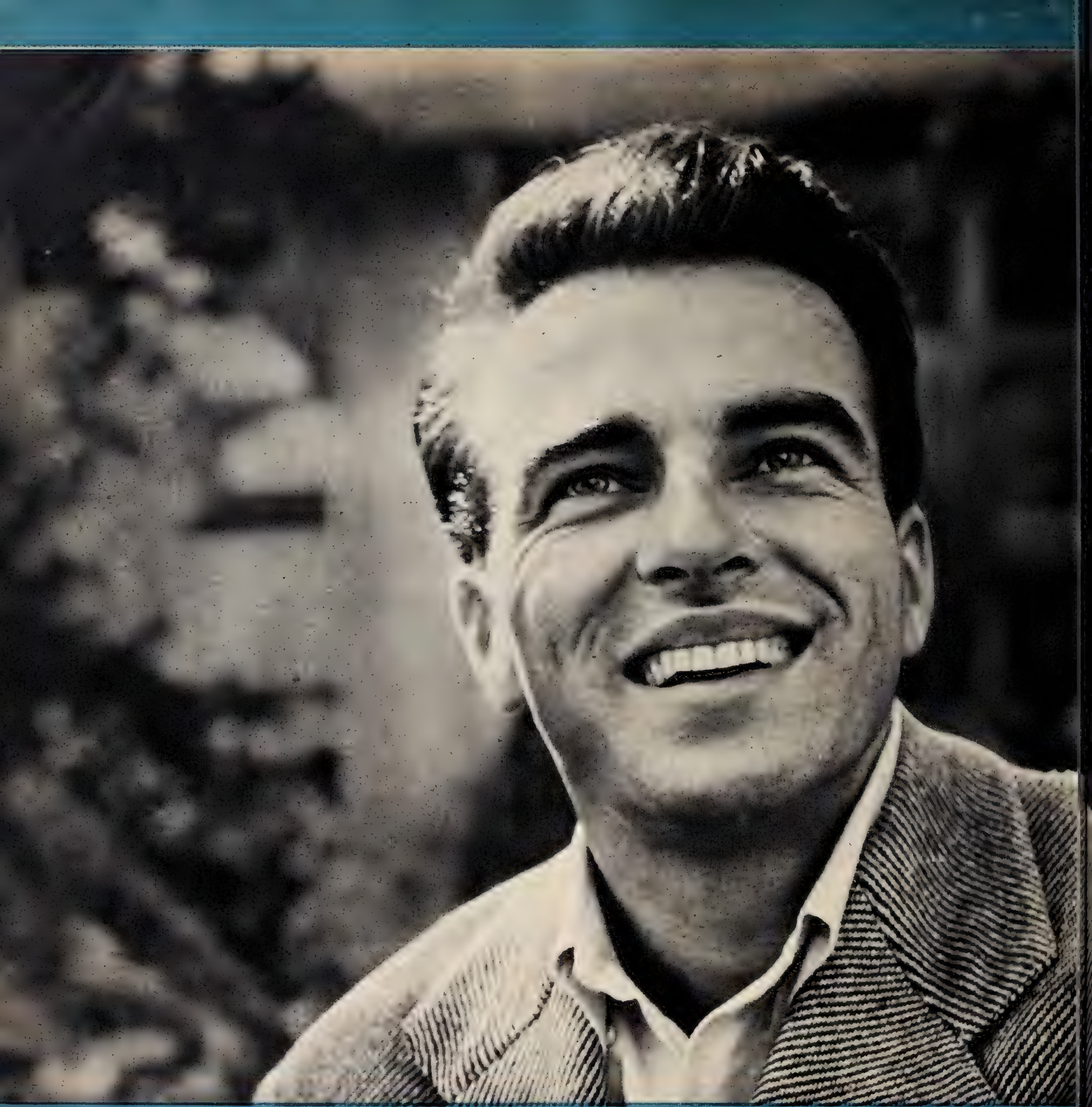
BY BILL WILLIAMS

YOU wouldn't know it to look at us now. Things couldn't be rosier. The little woman, that's my wife Barbara Hale, a big sensation in "Jolson Sings Again"; the old man, that's me, working steady; everything in our little house in the Valley, including our two-year-old daughter Jody, paid for and ours free and clear.

But it was very rough for the newlywed Bill Williamses a couple of springs ago, and I think even my redoubtable wife will admit it, now. If we never have to go through anything like that again, believe me, it will be all right with us.

It was a good thing, two years ago, that we had our love to keep us warm.

To begin with, we were both out of work, and the savings account we had started so hopefully was beginning to look anemic. We had felt very rich when we got married, the June before, and why not? We were both under contract to RKO, and both of us had just had an option lift and a nice raise. Not only did we feel rich enough to get (Continued on page 85)



Valeska

no time for company

BY ERNEST LEISER

PHOTOPLAY
FEATURE
ATTRACTION

Against a war-scarred Berlin fountain, Monty and his co-star Cornella Burch discuss scene in "Two Corridors East"



Klebig

This isn't a story about Monty's torn coat or \$40-a-month flat. Here, three people, talking about their boss, have something new to say about Clift

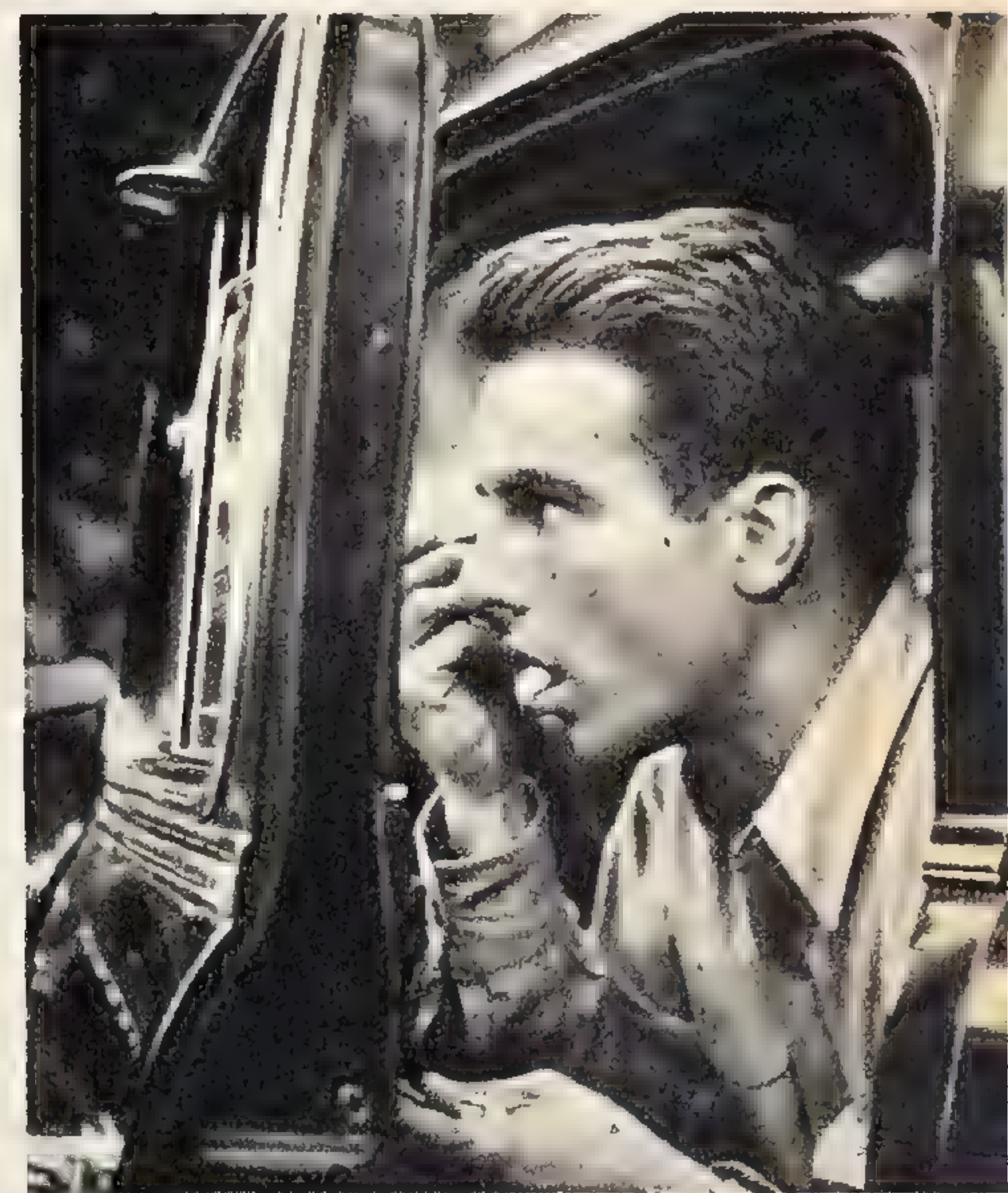
RECENTLY, when Montgomery Clift was working on "Two Corridors East" in Berlin, he wandered into the American Press Club one day. The wife of a radio commentator, glancing at him, asked her husband curiously, "Who's that? A new reporter for 'Stars and Stripes'?"

No one in the club guessed that the thin, unobtrusive young man in the open field jacket and rumpled GI khaki was the sensational new Hollywood star. At first look, he did, indeed, seem just another youthful soldier-correspondent for the Occupation Army's newspaper or, perhaps, a GI from the Press Center's motor pool.

However, that wasn't the only wrong guess Berlin's American colony made about the unfathomable Monty.

During the six weeks that he worked on his new Twentieth Century-Fox movie about the air lift, and while he lived in one of the houses set aside for the American press in Berlin, he was called a lot of contradictory things; "a shy, modest, retiring sort of guy,"

He's careless off the set but for the screen, Monty's a stickler about his looks



Klebig



German-born Bruni Lobel and Paul Douglas appear in film with Monty



Monty and Cornella in a cafe scene. Monty sings "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" in this picture—a song his driver never will forget!

Against background of Brandenburg Gate, Cornella, director George Seaton and Monty work out the next scene





With director Seaton, center, on the set. Monty's lack of pretense endeared him to camera technicians and make-up artists at the studio

"an egotistical fraud," "a very warmhearted generous man," and "an anti-social snob."

Actually, during Monty's stay in Berlin, exactly three people really got to know him. The first of these was his driver, a twenty-six-year-old Berliner named Guenther Henkel, who is vociferously convinced that Monty is "one of the finest Americans ever."

Henkel, who drove the car which the studio rented for Clift's use, was "sold" on Monty on first meeting. "For two hours after I reported to him the first day, I sat out in the car waiting for him, wondering what he was like. Then he came hurrying out of the house, jumped into the front seat beside me and asked me to take him to the studio. On the way out, he asked me all about myself, about my life history. I told him I had been a lieutenant in the Luftwaffe, and had spent the last two years of the war in prison for insulting Hitler when I was a little tipsy, one night. I don't think he believed me at first, but after I showed him my prison records and the scars from the beatings I got, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'You're all right, Guenther.'"

Henkel still can't get over another thing that happened that first day. As they arrived at the studio, he said to Clift, "Here we are, sir," and jumped out to open the car door for the star. Monty looked at him queerly and said in a stern voice, "You don't have to open or close the doors for me, Guenther. I'm a big boy. I can do it myself. And don't ever call me 'sir' either. You can say yes or no without (Continued on page 89)

Photographs by Klebig

no time for company



Cornella and Monty at Brandenburg Gate. He's in uniform of flight engineer for role

With Bruni, outside the Tempelhof studios





Geary teaches Jane the forward lean. The day was so hot he finally stripped to the waist

Love on a

Photographed by Ornitz



Jane was game but the going was rough, for a beginner. Expert Geary knew what to do! Jane's in "Nancy Goes to Rio"

JANE POWELL, you'll remember, learned to skate in order to get better acquainted with the instructor, Geary Steffen. Now Jane's learning to ski. Bridegroom Geary's an expert at that, too. Long before he met Jane, he was a lieutenant in the Ski Troopers in Italy during the war. Recently, Jane and Geary drove over to Mt. Waterman, about forty-five miles from Hollywood, so Janie could have her first skiing lesson. Trail names like *Alley-oop*, *Burp Gulch* and *Homicide Hollow* fascinated her. But, because she was a "snowbunny" (a novice), Geary would let her practice only on *Show Off*—the trail for beginners. A man can't be too careful of his bride.

holiday



Jane goes up the breezy way—on 2,200-foot-long chair-lift to the top of Mt. Waterman

An ex-ski trooper and a “snow-bunny” go weekending and turn a ski trail into a flurry of fun



With all that snow around, Jane could not resist giving Geary a “cold-pack”

Evening—and the closeness that comes with happy hours shared



HE SAYS IT WITH MUSIC

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

In an empty machine shop, Gordon MacRae heard the words that released the song in his heart

GORDON MacRae, at sixteen, knew he wanted, above all, to sing. "And that was about the only thing I did know then, for sure," he grins.

His father, William MacRae, was a brilliant inventor and a prosperous manufacturer of machinery used in the milling industry. He had hoped that his son would join him and succeed him in his favorite enterprises. And Gordon, who loved his father, tried. He worked summer vacations in the machine shop, learned the uses of all the bewildering array of mechanical marvels the place contained. However, at quitting time, one September afternoon, he stood gazing through a window, drumming on the pane with his fingers and humming to himself, dejectedly.

His father put a hand on his shoulder. "You don't like this, do you, son?" he asked, gesturing at the shop. Before (Continued on page 82)



Three MacRaes: Sheila, Gordon and Bill Gordon, age one

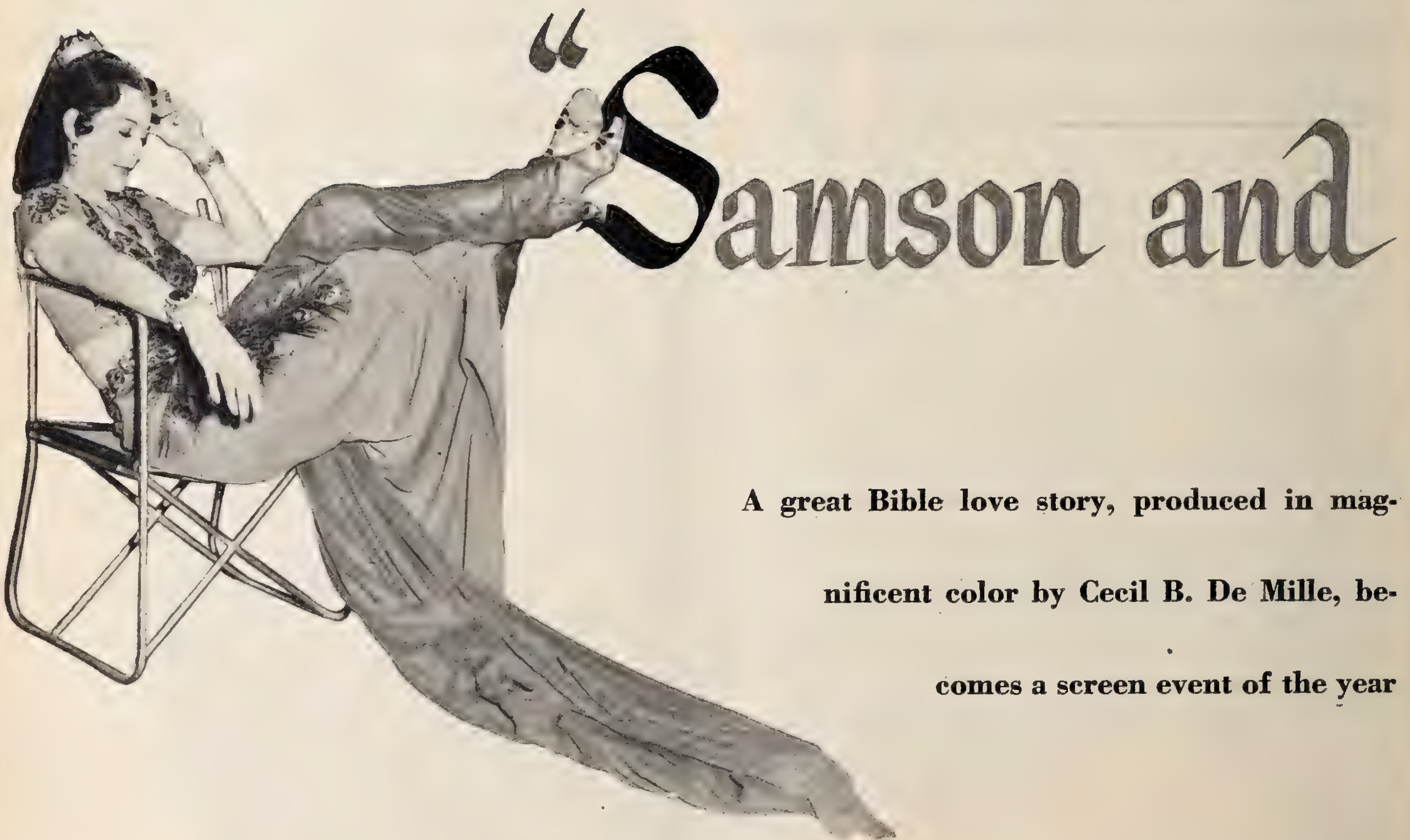
Gordon MacRae: He stars in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady"





Cecil B. De Mille directs Henry Wilcoxon, Angela Lansbury and Victor Mature in the dramatic wedding scene. The seventy-six-year-old De Mille sent a special unit on 2,000-mile trek across North Africa to collect props for picture

PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEWS

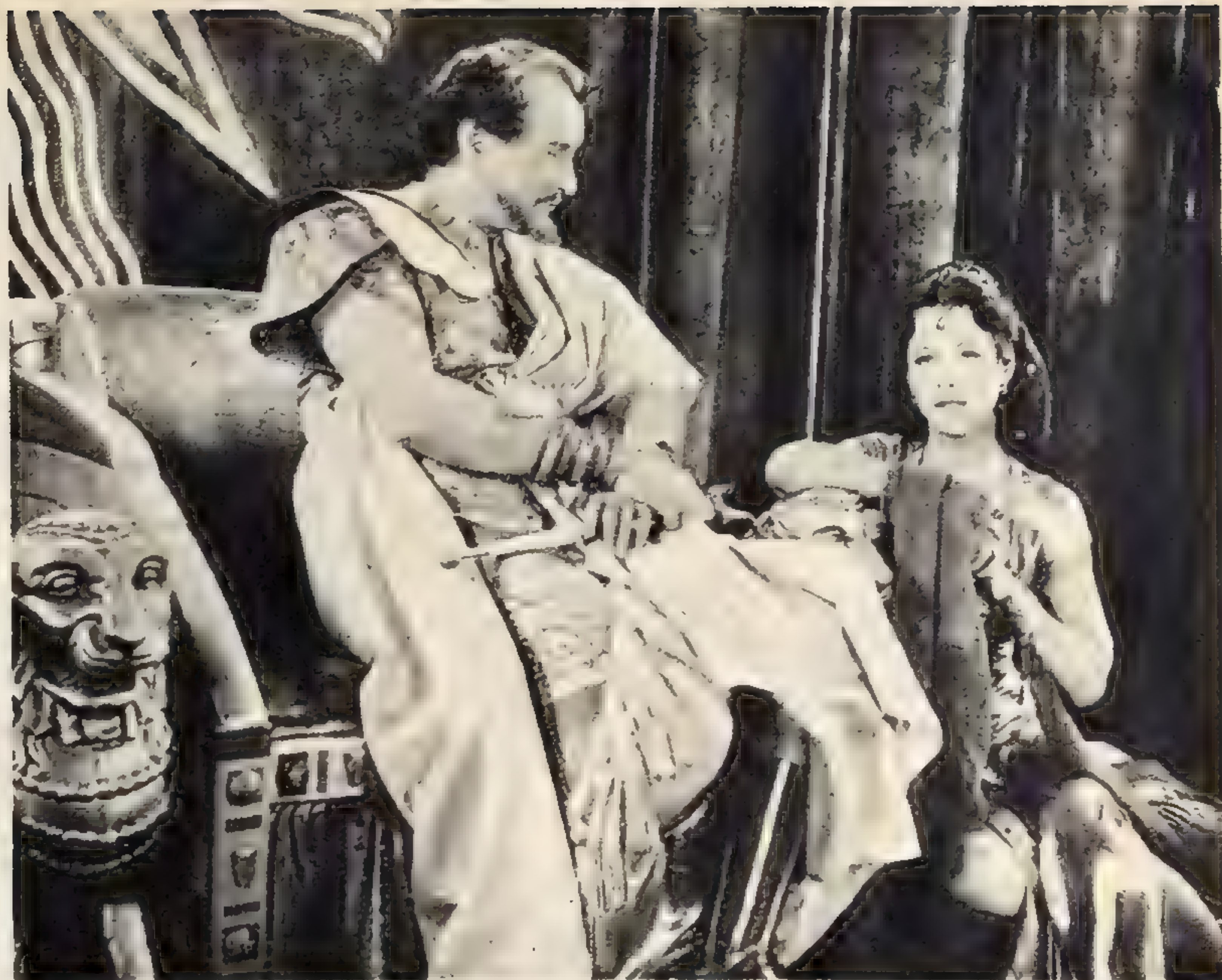


"Samson and

A great Bible love story, produced in magnificent color by Cecil B. De Mille, becomes a screen event of the year



The wedding feast which ends in tragedy for Henry Wilcoxon, Angela Lansbury, Victor Mature



The Saran (George Sanders) reluctantly agrees to let Delilah (Hedy Lamarr) try her plan to capture the mighty Samson

Delilah



Delilah discovers the secret of Samson's (Vic Mature) great strength, his hair, cuts it after she has drugged him

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille makes a picture, two things are certain; it will be a spectacle and it will be good entertainment, too. "Samson and Delilah" offered De Mille the opportunity to outdo himself. The scenes where Samson destroys the temple, kills a lion with his bare hands and slays one thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass will be long remembered. Above all, however, there's the three-cornered love story of Delilah, Semadar and Miriam, each of whom, in her own way, loves Samson too well.

Torn by remorse, Delilah pleads with Samson to leave with her. But the blinded captive's prayer has been answered

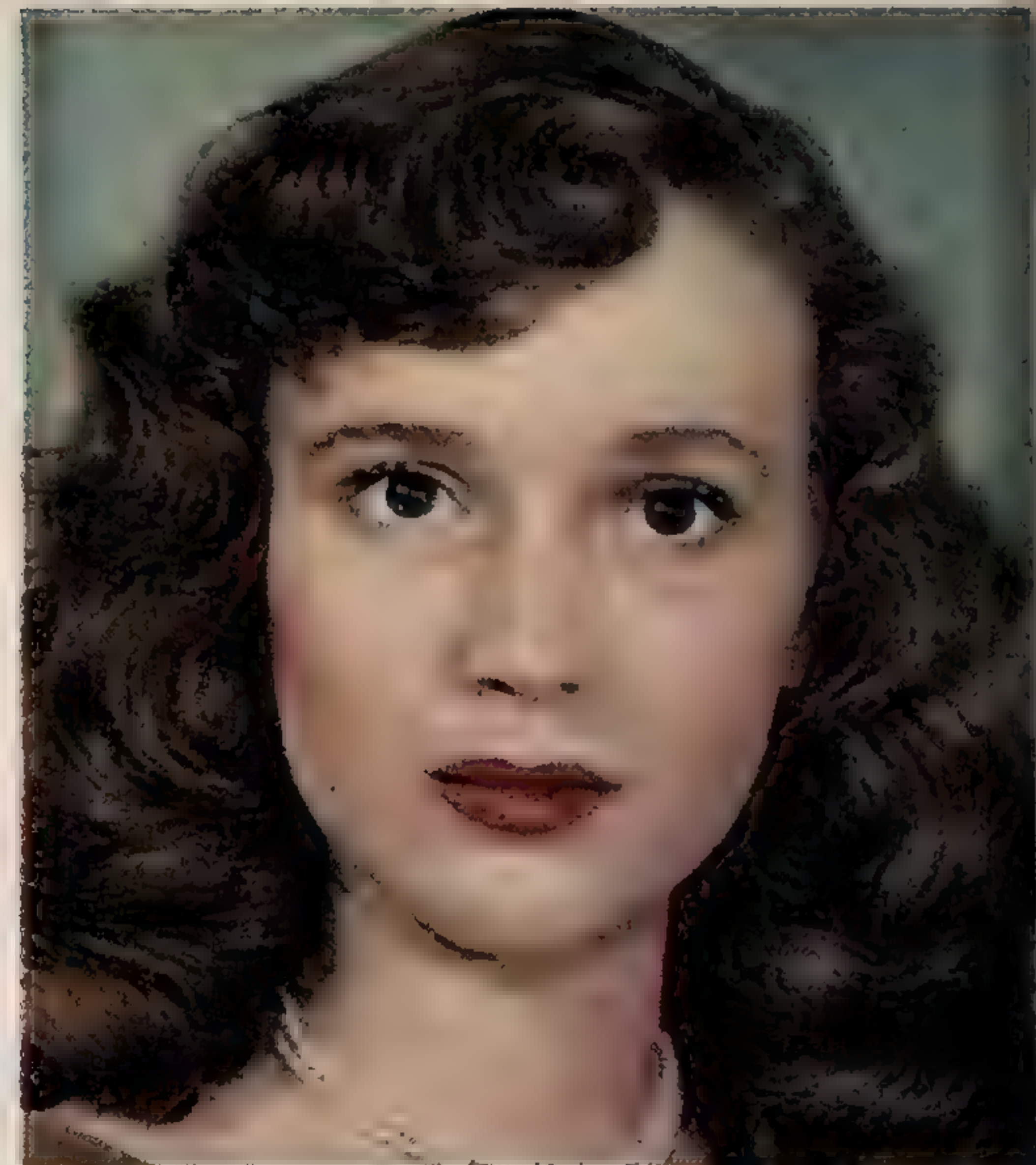


Stars in a new kind of
success story — young
women with the courage
to throw over the old
rules for . . .



Elegance with excitement: Patricia Neal
will be seen next in "The Hasty Heart"

Six



Youth at its prettiest: Allene
Roberts of "Knock on Any Door"

Fink and Smith

new

trends



Trim sophisticate with vibrant undertones:
Cyd Charisse, who appears next in "Tension"

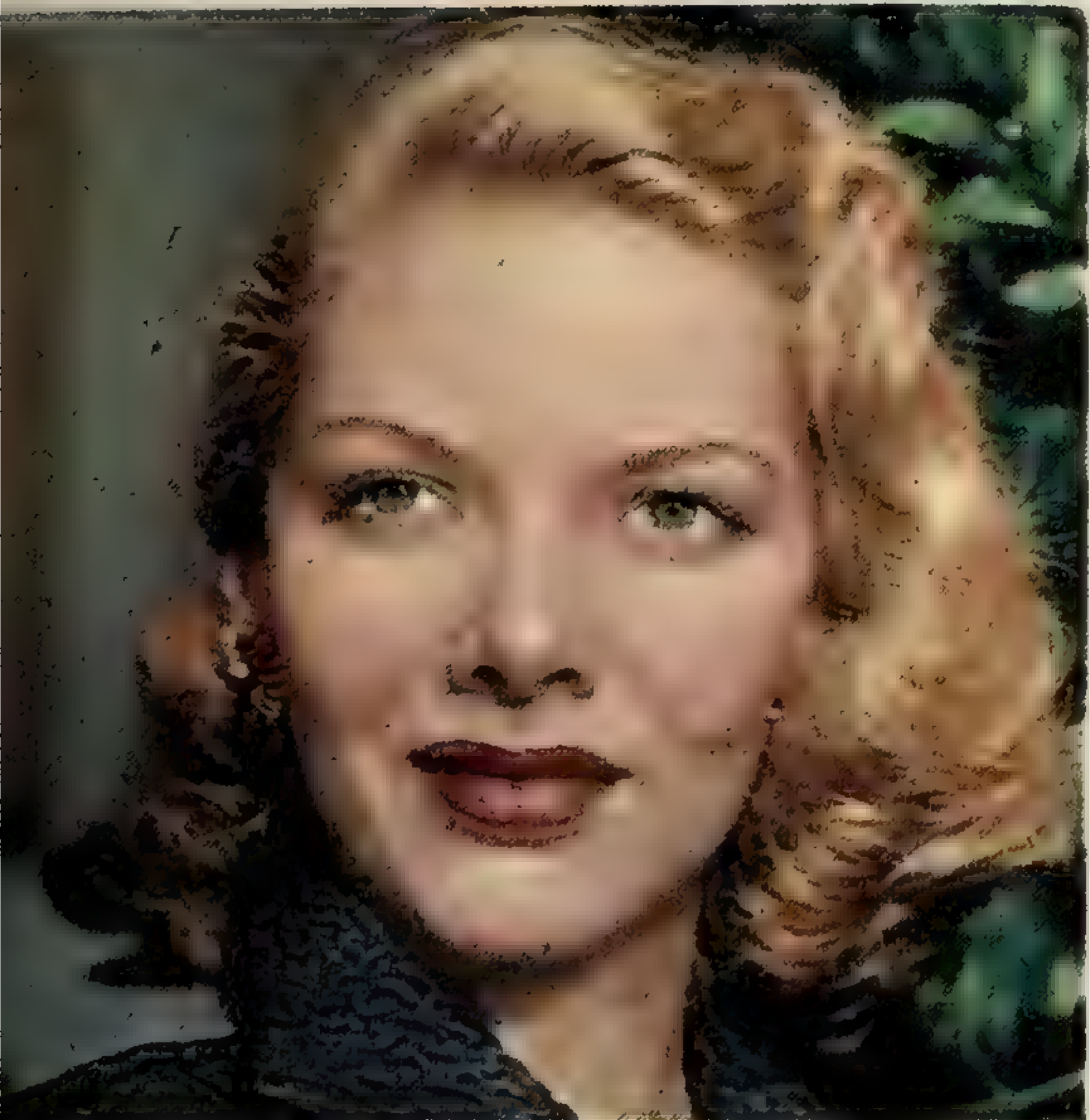
Fink and Smith



Crisp and cool with the tang of outdoors:
Betsy Drake of "Dancing in the Dark"

Fink and Smith

Softly feminine: Arlene Dahl
—her current film is "Ambush"
Fink and Smith



An untroubled nineteen: Barbara Lawrence who is next in "Thieves Highway"
Fink and Smith



in

Beauty

by Photoplay's beauty editor
and adviser to the stars

Anita Colby

WITH a new year before us, and the promise of wonderful things in store, what could be better than to talk about the ways to beauty used by six of the lovely girls you have chosen as your stars for 1950. You know their names, of course—Allene Roberts, Cyd Charisse, Barbara Lawrence, Arlene Dahl, Betsy Drake and Patricia Neal.

They are, among other interesting things, six of the most widely divergent personalities in Hollywood. Only one of them, Cyd Charisse, is married and a mother. And each of them might be chosen to standard-bear a different type: Allene, the most girl-next-door of them all. Sweet, unaffected, naive; (Continued on page 77)



John of "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" was first singing cowboy — but can't sing

He never owned a horse and his covered wagon is a Cadillac—but all the Duke's men will tell you John Wayne is the straightest-shootin' man in Hollywood

DUKE in coonskin

BY HERB HOWE





The great social event of the year is taking his four kids to the circus. Left, John, Melinda, Marion Antonia, John Patrick and Michael

THEY are calling John Wayne the miracle man of '49. He will go down in movie mythology as the blue-eyed *Hercules*, altitude six-four, weight 220, who, single-handed, lifted Hollywood out of hysterical depression and set her highballing.

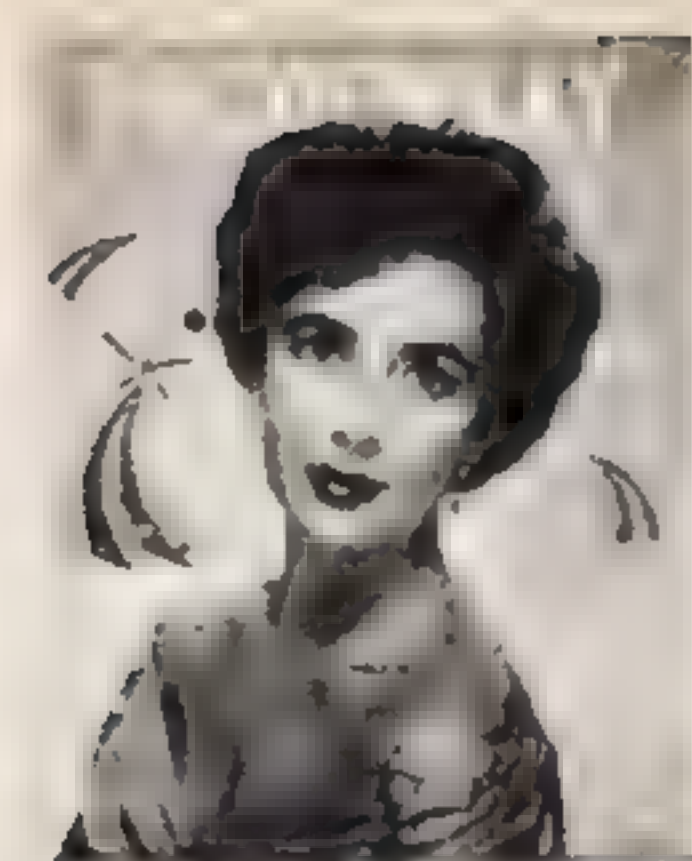
The war boom cracked last winter. Movie business seemed perishing of anemia. The cheerful crackle of popcorn had subsided in theaters to what sounded like the death rattle. Then, bang! *Hercules* Wayne arrived like the Red Cross with transfusions of "Red River," "Wake of the Red Witch," and red blood.

Business jumped and the corn popped. Nine first-run theaters in Los Angeles showed his rugged features simultaneously. Out of nowhere, his popularity kangarooed to fourth place in the exhibitors' poll. Theaters everywhere screamed for more of his plasma. The old Wayne blood bank was tapped for reissues as far back as 1931.

Pukka sahibs of major money-losing studios said, "What's he got that we haven't (Continued on page 88)



The Duke's second wife Esperanza says they can't be elegant because he puts his feet into everything!



Cover Girl

the most exciting girl in

Life never will be dull

around Liz, according to

Elsa, who sums up a love-

ly problem and arrives at

a fascinating conclusion

RETURNING on the Queen Mary from a long holiday in France, I was invited to a shipboard party. The others present, not motion picture people, wanted, above all, to hear about Hollywood. It's always like that.

"Who is the most exciting girl there, would you say?" they asked.

I didn't have to search for my answer. "Elizabeth Taylor!"

"Really! The British press takes another view of Miss Taylor." The woman who spoke was, after two weeks in London, more Oxonian than Oxford's dean. "They abominate the way in which she becomes engaged to one young man after another. They insist her actions are the direct result of her being in films."

"Bosh and tommyrot!" I forgot my manners. "I know the newspapers you mean. Either their editors are so ancient they have forgotten how it feels to have blood flow fast through the veins, hearts to pound and spirits soar, or they deliberately (Continued on page 83)



Glenn Davis: A golden football, first love

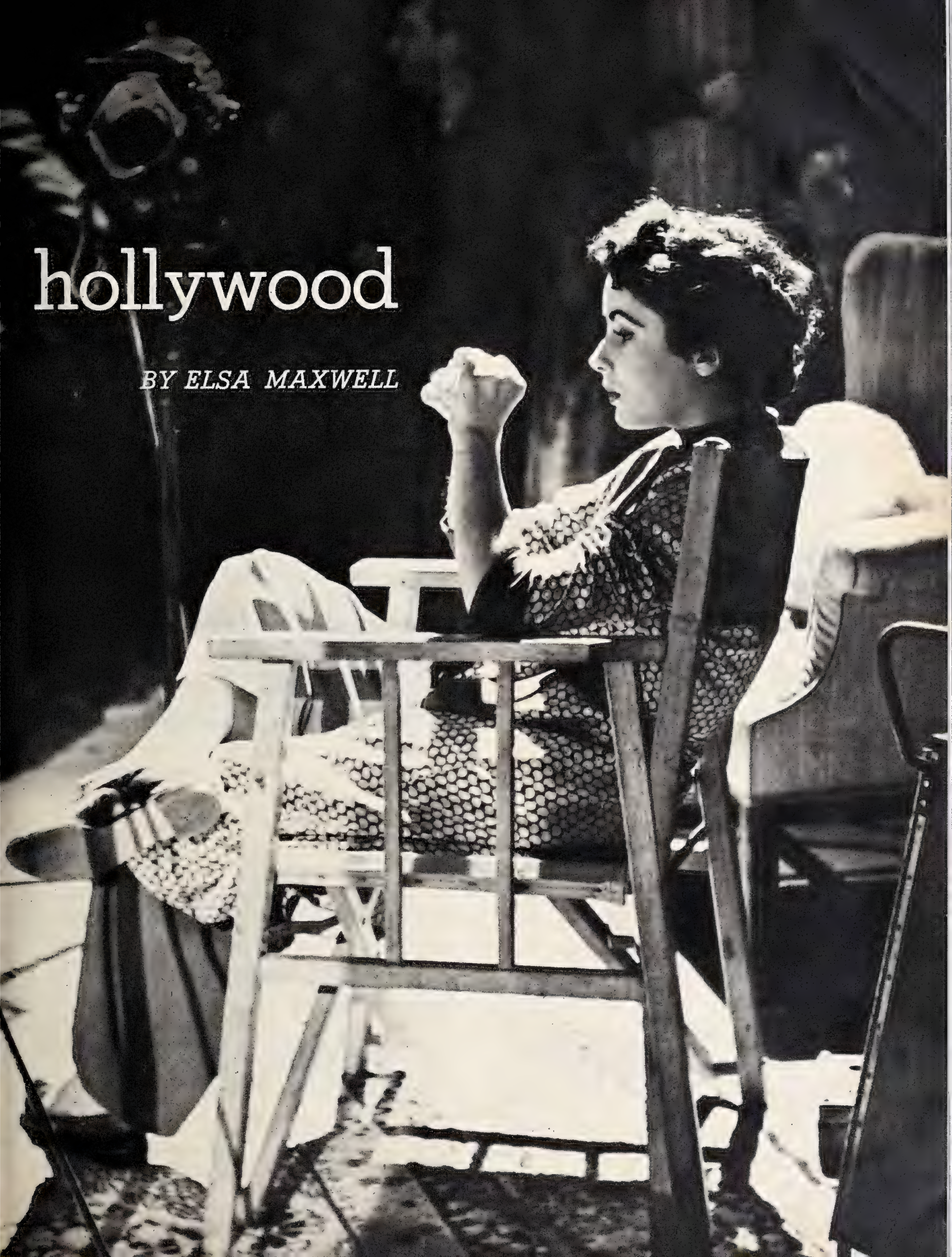


William Pawley Jr: A Florida moon, a purple sea, a new dream

Elizabeth Taylor, star of "Conspirator"

hollywood

BY ELSA MAXWELL





Diana Lynn of "Bitter Victory" outside the trim modern house designed by her architect husband, John Lindsay

THE LOW COST OF HAPPINESS

BY HANS DREIER

Supervising Art Director of
Paramount Pictures, Inc.

A tight budget need not cramp
your style. Diana Lynn and John
Lindsay pinched pennies and pro-
duced a house full of dreams



The Lindsays solved rug problem with soft shades of carpet living-room fireplace was waxed to save work. Candles in wood-

AS A PERFECT example of the perfect small house for any young pair of honeymooners, I give you the gay residence of Diana Lynn and John Lindsay. Never, I believe, have I ever seen a small house that more ideally embodied the right principles for young people, who want to live in comfort and charm, but who must achieve a smart result without much money to spend in the first place.

Youth should be a time of gaiety. A honeymoon house, certainly, should reflect happiness, not too much responsibility, and nothing "stuffy." Tradition comes later—seriousness, perhaps, with the arrival of one's children.

Exactly this is the atmosphere that the newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have made their house reflect, and they have done it all, from kitchen to large living room, dining room and through their three bedrooms and two baths, for the unbelievable sum of \$2,500 overall. They had nothing "to start with" from John's bachelor or Diana's glamour girl days save one coffee table.

There are no glaring "empty" spots in (Continued on page 70)

Star in Your Home

Hollywood ideas to
decorate your home



underlining, used unbleached sailcloth for curtains. Brass-faced
en holders make attractive substitutes for expensive wall lights



Modern touch: John left the corners of two rooms unfloored,
planted exposed earth with fast-growing ivy, Philodendron



The workroom-bedroom fireplace is big enough for
warmth and high enough for easy feeding of logs



Children's-size mattresses on specially built frame
became a comfortable modern living-room couch



Red Skelton, as Civil War photographer, snaps Vera-Allen and her date Rock Hudson, as Mr. and Mrs. Oscar



Ann Blyth, as a helicopter, was grounded by Roddy McDowall's appearance. He came as a walking mailbag

It's a party with no regrets when Hollywood receives

its invitations to the Press Photographers Ball

SHOOTING STARS



Cameramen, who love Sonja Henie, gave her and Winthrop Gardiner a huge bridal cake

THE Photographers Ball began as a Halloween costume party for the benefit of the needy camera boys. Now, five years later, it's one of the most spectacular yearly parties in town. Esther Williams and her party of ten raided the studio wardrobe so they could dress alike. The gilded Oscars brought along quarts of alcohol in case they had to remove the paint. One thing you can count on at the Hollywood Press Photographers Ball—it always has the same ending—some time in the wee hours of the morning!



Corinne Calvet carries a torch, as Miss Liberty. Uncle Sam is husband John Bromfield. Stars compete for best costumes



Esther and Ben Gage show George Jessel, a venerable emcee, a menu from their new restaurant



Joan Leslie, as a cover girl, gave Photoplay top billing. Richard Long, dressed as a convict, was Joan's escort at the masquerade



Believe it or not, that's Betty Hutton as bearded cowpoke of "Annie Get Your Gun," with Ted Briskin



Last minute touches: Perky paper clown hid a surprise for each guest—gifts from the Kirbys



All wrapped up in each other! Whistle pom-poms and name balloons added to the merriment



Party offering: Johnny Sands stands-in as a waiter for the John Dereks and Allene Roberts



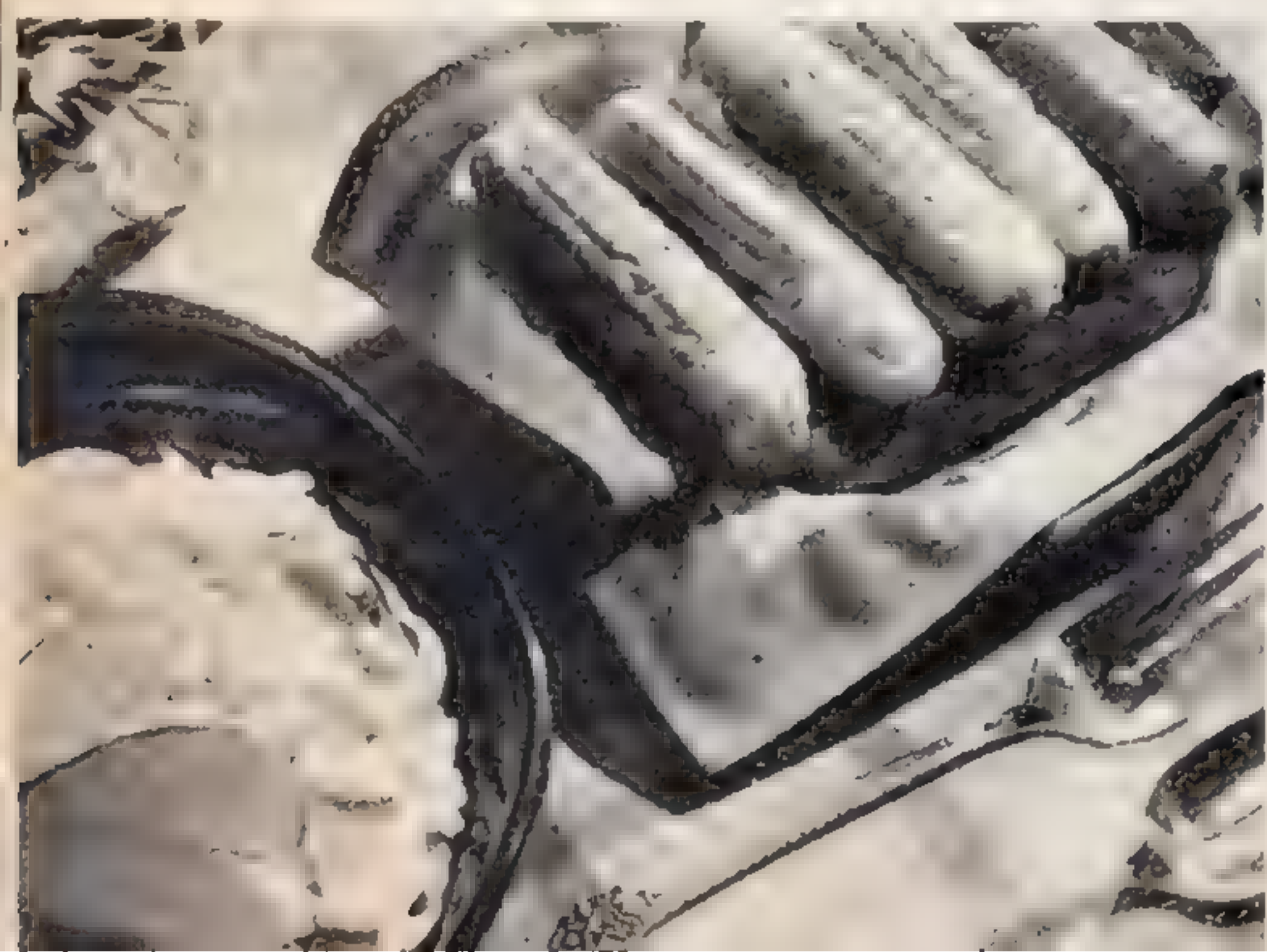
In the handles of their punch cups guests found a New Year's wish from Mike and Norah

SOME New Year's Eves, perforce, are more important than others; those which conclude a year that has been happy and successful, those that welcome a year that is rich in promise.

Which means there never was a New Year's Eve as important as this one for Michael Kirby. During 1949, he won critical acclaim as Sonja Henie's skating partner on a nationwide tour. He did well for himself, too, as Sonja's leading man in "The Countess of Monte Cristo." Hollywood, for the first time, was really taking notice of him.

Therefore, Michael's lovely young wife, Norah, could not endure it when he told her that on the midnight of December 31, he would be on the road again with the Henie Ice Show. She couldn't and wouldn't endure it, she resolved. "Any time is the right time to celebrate anything good," she told herself. The next day her invitations went out. However, she kept the theme of her party a secret from her guests, Mr. and Mrs. David Brian (Adrian Booth), Mr. and Mrs. John Derek (Patti Behrs), Allene Roberts, Johnny Sands, Barbara Lawrence and Douglas (Continued on page 80)

Norah's cole slaw with apple slices, pineapple corn sticks



When a fellow knows he won't be
home for New Year's what else
can a wife do—but celebrate!

midnight frolic

By Kay Mulvey

No chance to forget these New Year's resolutions—they acted them out in pantomime. Left, Mike, Barbara Lawrence, Douglas Dick, the Dave Brians (Adrian Booth), Norah Kirby, Allene, Johnny, the Dereks



Two tiny Kirbys take a peek at the party



FOLLIES OF 1950



Feminine feature: Loretta Young wears a gray taffeta cocktail dress by Ang-ovar, its skirt slit in four places to reveal black lace over blue petticoat

by *Edith Gwynn*

with fashion first pictures
by **Ann MacNamara**

**It's the individual acts that
make the Hollywood show the
talk of the fashion season**



THERE'S been so much going on party-wise and fashion-wise this month. And many times it was hard to tell where the style show left off and the "party" began. For several clothes collections were shown in the evening, and turned into soirées when the models had finished flouncing their finery around. Take Dorothy Lamour's garden party that officially launched her in the dress business. After she finished her cute announcement that she was going into the manufacturing of low-priced clothes for the wholesale market, and after two gorgeous models had exhibited just a few lovely "samples" of the type of thing Dotty will make, most of the guests stayed on and on. Ran into Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin there, and Betty is thinner and peppier than we've seen her for years. Lucille Ball and her Desi Arnaz were there, too. Lu was a symphony of color, to say the least. She was wearing a heavy printed satin, cocktail-length gown, mink stole and suede shoes, all of a pinkish cocoa color, and all the identical shade of her hair! (Continued on page 81)



Mrs.
H. Latrobe
Roosevelt,
Jr.

**Her face speaks out to you
of her enchanting Inner Self**

Something fresh and lovely about Mrs. Roosevelt's face draws you to her immediately. For her face *gives out* the enchanting *self* that lives back of it.

Your face, too, can give such a happy impression of you. Always—your face is the *you* that others see first—remember best. Keep it, then, bright and unclouded so that wherever you go it will beckon friends and happiness to you.

Mrs. Roosevelt's flawless complexion has a special flower-fresh beauty—
"To my mind there is nothing finer in face care than Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Within you—is a delightful second self

— and she can make new happiness
come your way

Do you, like so many women, have that hampering, unhappy sense of being inadequate? You can change this. You have *within yourself* a wonderful power that can *re-make* you to new loveliness.

This power grows out of the constant interaction between your *Inner Self* and your *Outer Self*—between the way you feel and the way you look.

This power fills you with confidence when you know you look charming. But—when you are *not* living up to your best, it can engulf you with self-doubt. It is the reason you must never neglect the daily details that can add so much to your *outer loveliness*—your *inner happiness*.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't imagine your face is going to show your loveliest self, without the right encouragement from you. This "Outside-

Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream brings lovely help to faces. Always at bedtime (for day cleansing, too) *cream* your face with Pond's—like this:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on *both* sides of your skin—*From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Roosevelt says. "I'm enthusiastic about this face treatment with Pond's. It gives results immediately."

Remember—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely—everything you do takes on a happier significance. And this happiness *you show* has a magnetic way of bringing others closer to the real Inner You.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Care for it this Pond's way. Get a big jar of Pond's today!

YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

Van Johnson of "Battleground" has been puzzling his Hollywood friends for a long time now. No matter how early they issued New Year's Eve invitations, he had a previous engagement! And his wife Evie never would tell where he went . . .



Always, you see, on New Year's Eve, Van has coffee and doughnuts with the same two men. It's a ritual that began when they were . . .



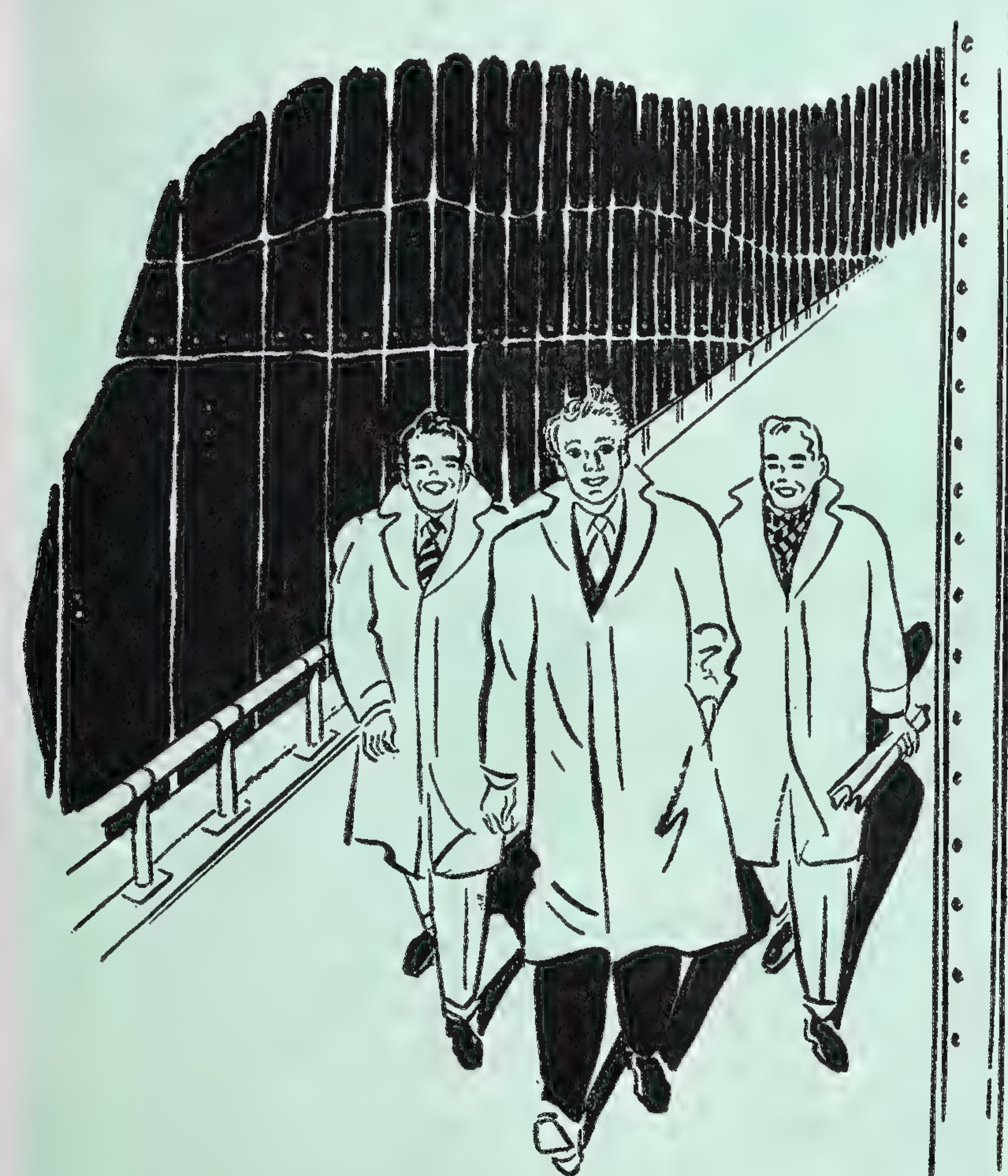
... New York chorus boys. Musicals were scarce one winter and jobs for chorus boys, few and far between



But they discovered that if they could work
3 up a song-and-dance act they might get a job
 as a trio in a small New Jersey night spot



4 They auditioned for the manager, who hired
 them for New Year's Eve at \$10 each. The act
 was a hit—but they were paid off by check



With only thirty cents between them, they had
5 to hike home across the bridge. Thoughts of
 that check kept them whistling though hungry



Back in New York, they spent their thirty
6 cents—and started the yearly celebration
 that has had Van puzzling Hollywood

Once Upon a New Year's

(Continued from page 35) their hands. Looking at their faces, Esther realized the spirit and sentiment of New Year's is the same in any language. And she resolved then and there to contribute to this feeling of universal brotherhood as much as she could. With every group. Every minority. And now there are the paraplegics at GI hospital pools where she judges contests. There are the handicapped blind children she teaches to swim.

Another New Year's. . . . A young couple stood at 42nd Street and Broadway watching the old year out. Very much in love, they were a little fearful of what the new year might bring. John and Marie Lund had been married only a little over a year. John was playing in "Early to Bed" on Broadway, with a run-of-the-play contract. Marie had a contract for RKO pictures in Hollywood. She had been asked to report January 1. But she had received an extension so she might spend New Year's Eve in New York with John. Now they stood on Times Square at the crossroads of two careers. "Maybe your show will close and you can come on out to the coast and . . ." Marie would begin hopefully. "But I'm not for pictures. Nobody would come to see me," said John. Oh yes, they would, thought Marie. I will. I'll come see you soon, no matter what happens in Hollywood. No two careers, she resolved, would ever separate them again. When her option lapsed, Marie made no effort for another affiliation. She headed happily for New York and a lifetime job as a wife.

Last year, Bob Taylor, in London for "Conspirator," had gone to a party given by a studio executive. It was a wonderful party. But Bob discovered you can be terribly lonely in a crowd. The wonderful girl he longed to be with—where was she, what was she doing? At a quarter to twelve he left the party, and walked all

alone in Piccadilly Square, thinking of Barbara. There, alone, as Big Ben began tolling twelve, he was somehow less lonely.

"Auld Lang Syne" for Betty Hutton is a happy time because of a resolution she made to make friends. Betty, inherently a little shy, made this resolve when she first arrived on the Paramount lot. She knew only the cast and crew on her picture and Buddy DeSylva, who had hired her. Playing only the second lead in "The Fleet's In," she was timid with the big stars on the studio lot. So, in her first Hollywood home, some one hundred steps up a hill, she found herself about to usher in New Year's alone. With her love for laughter and people, she was very miserable. It was then she decided to give her own get-acquainted party. And before she could change her mind, she picked up the phone and went into action, fast. Getting phone numbers from Buddy DeSylva, she invited all of Paramount's top directors and stars. To her amazement, as so often happens in Hollywood, none of them had anything special planned. Nobody but director Mitch Leisen. He also was giving a party, but he said he would drop in with his gang later on. Still dazed by the whole thing, Betty kept telling herself, "Nobody will show." But they did. All eighty of them. As they kept winding their way up her hundred steps Betty, caught with only one turkey and one ham in the house, rushed in search of her stepfather with a panicky, "Quick! Get some food, anything!" He left by the back door and practically bought out the Gotham Restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard. Growing more excited by the minute, Betty saw a famous and colorful holiday ensemble coming through the door. "Not Bing," she said. But it was Bing, and soon he was Auld Lang Syne-ing, with all of her other star guests joining in the singing. Betty re-

solved, then and there, always to meet friendship more than halfway, to forge her shyness, if possible, and let hers be the first smile, the first "hello."

A ticket to adventure, that was Var Heflin's goal, that New Year's Eve he was aboard a freighter bound for Liverpool. After being disappointed in his first love the theater, Van had joined the Merchant Marine and had served as petty officer for two years, two years this night, this terrible night of the worst storm he had ever been in at sea. The worst any of the old salts aboard ship ever remembered. The ship tossed like a pebble. All hands worked as best they could battling the elements. And before Van's horrified gaze, two of his buddies were washed overboard. When the ship reached Liverpool, his career as a seaman was ending. He had seen two of his shipmates' futures swallowed up in a matter of seconds by an angry sea. He resolved to live life to its fullest and happiest. Doing the work he loved most. Acting. When he got back to the States he returned to the theater that received him, this time, with open arms.

OUT of last year's New Year's party came Anne Baxter's resolution, as old as Eve, woman's pride in her appearance. Also at the party was a friend who hadn't seen Anne since she lost so much weight and regained her sylphlike slimness. "Why hello, Anne," she said admiringly, "where's the rest of you?" Anne resolved then, that this year her friends, if they feel so inspired, can say the same thing. And remembering her wonderful reaction that time has helped her to refuse ice cream. Hollandaise sauce, and all the other wantables. Her resolution has paid off both in a figure and in figures, for she has been richly rewarded by such top roles as that in "You're My Everything," and "A Ticket to Tomahawk."

On another New Year's Eve, Bob Hope, in a plane over the Atlantic, was tired in mind and body, but high of heart. He'd gone overseas to spend Christmas with the GI's, to help give an uplift in spirit to the men of the air lift. It was the nation's most important project, these men's missions, furnishing two and a half million Germans with food and fuel. At Tempelhof Airfield in Berlin, Hope had watched weary, red-eyed pilots make blind landings and take-offs. He had just put on a show in a hangar for the boys of the maintenance base at Burtonwood, a field enclosed by England's dreary, freezing fog. After the show, he'd made the rounds of the barracks with Air Secretary Symington and had seen his anger at the quarters of the GI's. Symington had phoned Washington immediately. There would be new linoleum, he told the boys. More stoves. More heat for the mess halls. More lights, too. "Any other complaints, boys? You, Private, have you got any? You, Bill, any complaints?"

Bob Hope landed in Hollywood last New Year's Eve morning, a tired but happy man. And he had no complaints. In this atomic age, in the midst of the world's most tedious, most hazardous operation, Uncle Sam still took time out for every citizen in his family.

Hope resolved, no matter how busy he "imagined" himself to be, with motion pictures, radio shows, personal appearances, or whatever, he would always take time out for whatever he could do. For wherever it was needed, he'd take time for a word, a handshake, a laugh.

A resolution Bob Hope has kept, and long before it was made.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Adele Fletcher, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1949.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI

Notary Public, State of New York.
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.
No. 128, Reg. No. 90-M-O. Cert. filed in
N. Y. Co. No. 530, Reg. No. 317-M-O.
Commission expires March 30, 1950.

End of a Love Story

(Continued from page 29) "Is the doctor any better today?"

"He's dying," June said, quickly. She finished the coffee and walked out, dry-eyed.

Her tears were all shed by then. For six weeks, she had hoped and prayed and believed. But that day, she knew she must face the most complete of all realities—Death!

In a little interval when John Duzik had seemed to be rallying, she had told him she would marry him, no matter what, the moment he was well.

She and John had been waiting for a dispensation from the Church of Rome so they could marry within their religion. There is no hurrying the Church. It frowns upon publicity about such things. Dr. Duzik was an even more devout Catholic than June. After all, he would never have married outside the Church as she had, when she eloped with Jimmy Zito.

Following John's operation, when they gave him the first of the transfusions, June cried so hard that it was impossible to shoot close-ups of her in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," the picture for which she was on loan-out to Warner Brothers.

That loan-out point is important. Studios usually protect their own players, but they rarely are so careful about personalities from other lots. Also, a musical comedy like "Rosie O'Grady" costs approximately \$5,000 a day to shoot. Jack Warner is notoriously not a sentimental man, yet he shut down the picture for four days. June stayed constantly in the hospital, sleeping on a cot in the waiting room by night, staying close to her fiancé's side by day. The blood bank at the hospital began to run perilously low.

It was then that an appeal for blood donors was circulated at Twentieth Century-Fox, June's own studio, and at Warners. In one day, at Twentieth, forty people volunteered to help June with plasma. From Warners, came donations of twenty-five pints.

This generosity sent June flying back to work. She went before the camera, and pretending to be gay, gave the greatest performance she has ever recorded.

Then the relapse came, but June stayed on working. She had two lives now—the studio and the hospital.

Just before John's death, they shot the final production number, wherein June and the whole cast had to sing and dance a tune called, "May We Always Be Together As We Are Today." The studio knew the scene would take two days to shoot.

June said, "If we work late, I think maybe we can get it done today. Do you mind trying?" It was early in the morning that they started shooting, midnight when they quit. But the scene was flawlessly, wonderfully recorded, sparkling as tinsel, warm as laughter.

In the otherwise deserted lot, practically the whole "Rosie O'Grady" company, crew and night watchmen tagged June out to her car. Somebody said, "You did want us to finish up tonight, Junie?"

She smiled. "Oh, yes," she said. "You've been so wonderful. I had to finish as soon as we could, because, well, we aren't counting in terms of days now... it's hours..."

She threw her car in gear and they watched her disappear, westward to Santa Monica.

The night after the doctor's funeral, June slipped out of Hollywood with her sister, to be gone for an indefinite time. And Hollywood, which takes so many unpleasant blows—what with multiple marriages and multiple divorces, and people getting giddy in night clubs and censors pouncing—lifted its head with pride.

The End



Some tinted make-ups cling—even in the rain...but



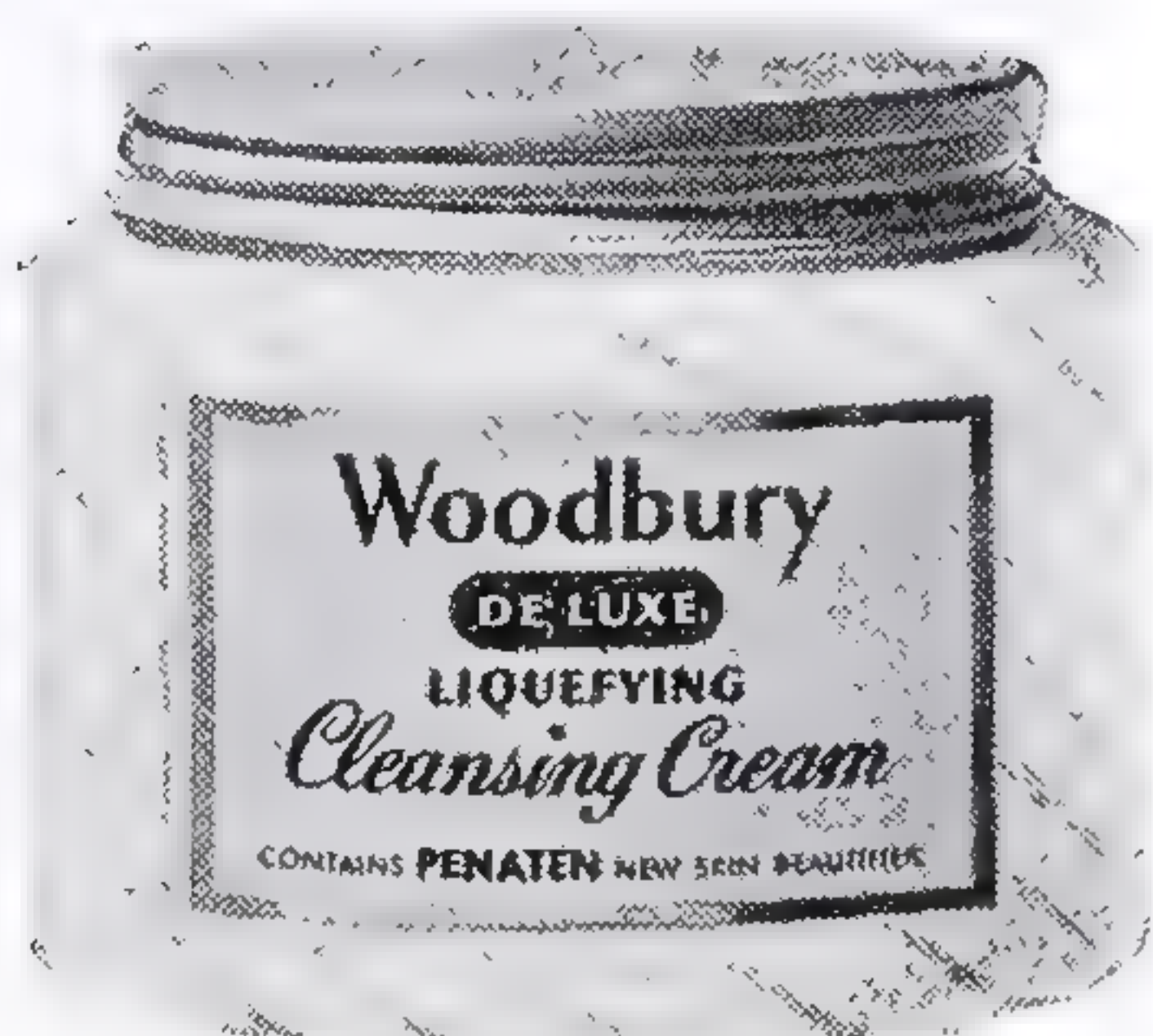
you need a special cream to remove them

Thanks to those new tinted make-ups, you no longer have to look like a Sad Cinderella when you go walking in the rain.

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are no cinch to remove!

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream!—specially designed to remove hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream *penetrates deeper*... emulsifies the clinging pigments... quickly floats every stubborn speck away!

So mild, so gentle is this "special" cream that sensitive skins prefer it. *Your skin*, too, will feel soothed, cool, fresh as mint! 20¢, 39¢, 69¢ plus tax.



Woodbury Cleansing Cream

**penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN**

The Low Cost of Happiness

(Continued from page 58) their trig modern house, which John, the architect, designed. Their hangings are up in every room. All their floors are covered. Their chairs are very comfortable. Their lamps are adjusted to reading. Yet, even allowing for the better than \$500 they "buried" in the kitchen, as Diana says, in necessary refrigerator, gas stove and the like, they have no tacky makeshifts spotted here and there.

So, how did they manage a large living-dining room, three bedrooms and two baths complete for less than \$2000, in a day when the most ordinary living room couches cost a minimum of \$150; when hangings for one single room often run to a hundred dollars or more; when average lamps cost twenty-five dollars each. How did the young Lindsays achieve beds, with bedside tables, curtains for a vast expanse of windows, floor coverings, even lighting fixtures for their walls at such a sum?

To begin with, they had an overall master plan, not only of furnishings but of color schemes. In their bedroom, they used a color scheme of soft pink, with accents of a gray-brown. In their living room, the predominating color is a soft gray-green. Throughout the whole house, their hangings are made of unbleached sailcloth. Sailcloth requires no lining. It hangs in deep pleats that do not "get out."

With the curtaining problem solved, they faced the carpeting one, which, as you know, can cost you anywhere from \$100 to \$1000 a room, depending upon the size of your rooms and how much your tariff will bear. Diana and John put down white cotton shag carpeting in their room for about \$125. But their real smartness was revealed in their other rooms. From baseboard to baseboard in their living room, in John's studio, which can serve as a guest room when needed, and in their third bedroom, which currently is not only a workroom for Diana's secretary, but also an enlarged closet space for Diana's wardrobe, they put down the underlining for carpets. This has various trade names. Until a couple of years ago, it came only in an intense brown. Since the war, it has come dyed in various colors. The Lindsays chose a soft green shade. This lining for real carpets is completely inoffensive to the eye. Actually, it can be used as is for a short time. What Diana and John plan to do is to use it for its real purpose, as an underpadding for their carpets, when they can afford real carpets.

Architecturally, John left the corners of the living room and his workroom-bedroom unfloored. The earth, thus exposed,

is planted in the living room, in this case, with Monstera—that fast-growing, dramatic plant of the Philodendron family.

Young people do not have the price of tapestries, of bric-a-brac or objets d'art. But these green and growing things, which initially cost only a few dollars, give attention value to what might otherwise be vacant corners.

IN John's workroom, note the wall with the raised fireplace. Actually, this fireplace is on the back wall from the living room fireplace, both of them working off the same chimney. Where the living room fireplace was designed by John to be dramatic, to hold your attention, and at the same time to demand very little upkeep, the bedroom-workroom fireplace was made small, and high off the floor for exactly opposite reasons. This fireplace, having no other "mantel" than that of cement, painted black, is small but capable of giving off great warmth. Yet it not only is modern in concept, but also young. I like it very much. The whitewashed brick wall behind it, however, could look a little cheerless except for the Lindsays putting in that planting of ivy at its base. Give them another year and the ivy will grow over that whitewashed wall. I'm sure John won't permit it to grow over his numerous guns. Diana assures me John will allow nothing to go near his jumbled work table in this same room. The simple mattress on legs, in this room, with its simple candle-wick bedspread is ready for any casual overnight guest, if need be, or during the day for John when he wants to relax for a brief moment. But, once more, looking forward to a more opulent future, such a mattress-bed, can go into a someday expensive house very neatly.

In their personal bedroom, Diana and John used the same mattress-on-legs idea, thus saving the price of a headboard. The tailored ruffle under the bedspread is of sailcloth, like the window hangings, but where the hangings are of the unbleached sailcloth, the bedstead ruffle is dyed a gray-brown to match the tailored pillows that serve as a daytime headboard. Over this is a very tailored sailcloth spread dyed a soft pink.

The distinctive touch in this room, however, which can be pointed out to other honeymooning homemakers are, first, the bedside tables, which the Lindsays have duplicated in their living room. Next, note the wall sconces, a variation of which they have also used in the living room.

Look at these bedside tables, then look at the couch side tables in the living room.

These are mere stout metal legs upon which flat slabs of marble have been mounted. In Diana's and John's case, the marble is of a yellowish cast. You might prefer yours in a whiter or pinker marble, or you might want to use this same design and use mirrors as tops, which would be cheaper. The principle, in either case, is the same, the tables have low initial cost. They are very usable. Drinks and ashes spilled on them can't hurt them. Dust is easily removed from them. They will not nick, or get cheap-looking as time passes.

When it came to wall fixtures, Diana and John found out exactly what you know, if you have tried to buy any lately. The most trite fixture can cost you anywhere from ten to a hundred dollars. Anything original costs too much. The Lindsays got around this by using candles.

ON the combed wood wall of their bedroom, and this combed wood is at once new, inexpensive and effective, and you can order it of any builder, Diana and John placed simple plaster candle holders painted to match the wall. Diana admits they do not light the tapers every night, any more than you light side sconces every night. But they are there when needed. They add charm, and save money while reflecting thoughtful originality.

In the living room, low individual candle holders were used on tiny shelves set into the cut-stone facing above the fireplace.

Let me interrupt myself long enough to say that I like this use of real stone inside a young modern house. Such stone mellows beautifully, which is exactly what can not be said of plaster or painted rooms. In this particular household, the stone wall goes delightfully with the beamed ceilings and the projections that hide, yet dramatize, the top-concealed lighting.

John Lindsay designed his generous living room fireplace for its dramatic emphasis, as well as its usefulness, but Diana was the practical one who had the brass hood waxed, so that it wouldn't eternally have to be polished.

Before the fireplace are two barrel chairs covered in green. They are comfortable, without being fussy with cushions, and are beside the coffee table that survived from John's bachelor establishment.

Where the smartness of these two young people most shows itself, however, is in that necessary "living room couch." Any average eight-foot couch costs several hundred dollars. Diana and John solved this problem for less than a hundred. First, they had a stout metal frame designed, with a very low back, four short legs and a sturdy cross section.

For seat cushions, they got two children's-size mattresses. These, they had covered in green fabric to match their barrel chairs. They got two similar mattresses to make the back of the couch. Those had to be padded in extra width at the bottom, narrowed slightly at the top, for comfort in sitting. Padded side arms for either end of the couch were a separate job, but still the price came neatly within a hundred dollars. What's more, the mattresses later can be remade to fit any size bed, if the time ever comes when the Lindsays want to replace this casual couch with a more important one.

You, too, can use such ingenuity in furnishing your new home.

Just remember, charm is never pretentious. And frank simplicity is delightful when, as with the Lindsays, it is a modern improvised taste, suited to one's environment, pocketbook and immediate needs.

So you follow your own good judgment—aided a bit, I hope, by what I've just told you. THE END

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"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14)

The Amazing Masons: In a huge show-place atop a Beverly Hills crest, the James Masons live in disorganized, individualized contentment. The scant furniture barely fills the huge rooms. Forgotten or neglected tea trays and tea things, where, as in "Alice in Wonderland," it always seems to be six o'clock and tea time, are scattered about on various tables throughout the rooms. There seem to be no servants about. A family friend, one Monaghan, does what cooking gets done. When baby Portland expresses hunger, she's handed a bottle. When sleepy, and this could be midnight or two in the morning, she's tossed a pillow. Since diapers seem to comprise her wardrobe, she requires little laundering. She's happy, healthy, contented. Cats roam, purr and sleep all over the place while the Masons write books and articles that most certainly get published. That an article by the Masons condemned Hollywood before they had ever seen it, bothers them not at all, now that they have seen it and love it. That they live exactly as they choose and nuts to conventions, doesn't bother Hollywood too much. After all, this is the town of "characters," isn't it?

Success Story: Across a New York drugstore soda fountain, a boy and girl talked of plans ahead. But not too hopefully. After all, he was but a soda jerk and she, a movie usherette, and their dreams were big ones. But this is America, where dreams such as Betty Bacall's and Issur Danielovitch's can come true. And they did!

Betty became a model, had her picture spotted in a fashion magazine, became movie star Lauren Bacall and married Humphrey Bogart.

The minute she hit stardom, Lauren went to her boss Jack Warner, about her friend Issy, for a lot of things had happened to Issy. For one thing, he'd changed his name to Kirk Douglas, gone from soda jerk to waiter, to an AB degree from St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, to collegiate wrestling champ, and finally, to actor.

After the lead in "Kiss and Tell," he enlisted in the Navy and then hit Hollywood with his wife Diana Dill, his sons Michael, aged five, and Joel, aged two. After several movies, "A Letter to Three Wives" among them, the chance to play the heel in "Champion" presented itself. "Don't do it," his agent cautioned, "that type of role can finish you." It only made him the hottest property in town and gave his friend Lauren that muchly coveted last laugh for the actor Warners could have had a few years ago for a few hundred a week now costs them a neat million for his contract duration.

Hello? Mr. Autry? They thought of everything when they built their new dream house far out in the Valley, except one thing, and that was a telephone. So, when Gene Autry and his wife were informed that their region was too sparsely settled for a special cable, they were stumped for only a minute.

"We'll use the one in my car," Gene said, and they do. Every once in a while, Gene pops out to his car and calls operator for his messages and from his car phone, Gene returns his call.

It comes in handy, too, for Mrs. Autry who sits back comfortably in the front seat and telephones the grocer and the butcher. These movie stars eventually think of everything, don't they?



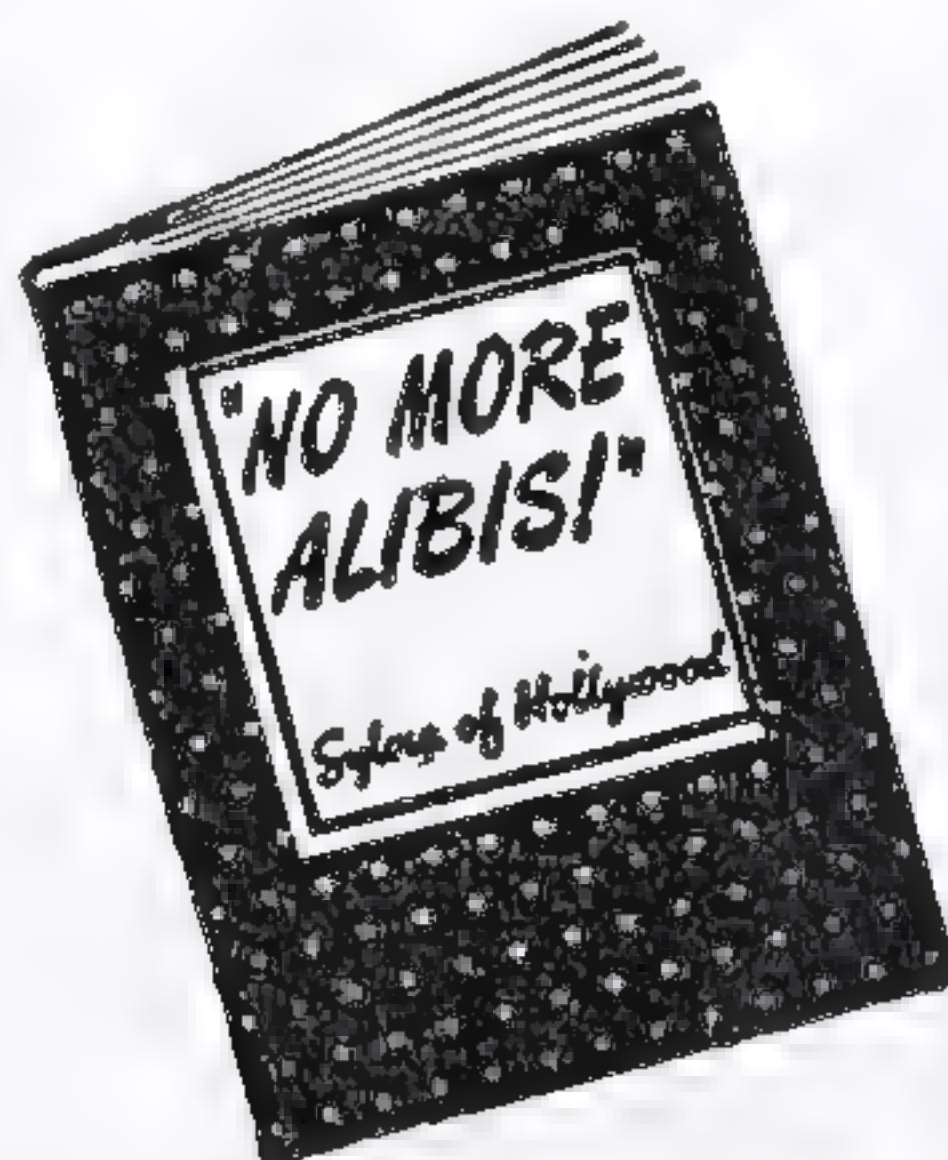
Reduce

**this common sense way
and join in the fun!**

Do not let excess weight rob you of your share of happiness. Reduce this common sense way and join in the fun.

There is no magic at all about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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Some of the Subjects Covered in this Book

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Why bother with countless jars and bottles? You don't need a lot of preparations to help keep your skin looking lovely. Do as so many nurses, models, actresses do. Give your skin *medicated* care.

Try it for 10 Days

Use medicated Noxzema as a dainty, greaseless night cream — as a long-lasting foundation for make-up. Try this *beauty secret* for just 10 days. See how fast it helps your skin improve.

You'll be delighted to discover how quickly *medicated* skin care helps smooth and soften a rough, dry skin and helps heal unattractive skin blemishes *from external causes.

Smoother, Whiter-Looking Hands... often in 24 hours

Nurses first discovered Noxzema for hands irritated by constant scrubbing. If your hands get red and rough from

housework, from exposure to water or weather... see how quickly *medicated* care helps soften and heal them back to natural beauty.

Read how 2 typical women helped solve their skin problems:



Blemishes... Rita Tennant uses Noxzema as her regular night cream. "Noxzema is so dainty to use," says Rita, "And it quickly helps heal any of those little externally-caused skin irritations."

Beauty... Pat Barnard says, "Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine...I use it every morning and night. It works wonders for my complexion."



25,000,000 Jars Sold Yearly

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't honestly thrilled at the way it can help your own complexion problems... as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used every year. Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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CARLYLE BLACKWELL *Photographers*

Below, Laraine Day (with William Talman) wears original dress in RKO's "I Married a Communist"



Laraine Day, right, in the Townfield reproduction of the casual type dress Michael Woulfe designed for her to wear in the above film. (Original has contrasting color midriff.) Intriguing details are detachable pique cuffs, curved yoke set in at the waist. In a tiny checked rayon suiting, it comes in navy, brown or green with white. Sizes 10-18. Around \$16.95. At Gimbel's, New York, N. Y.; Magnin & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS





A KITTEN CAN'T TOUCH THEM . . .

. . . for softness, we mean. These wool jersey dresses in the new confectionery colors are a winter wardrobe pickup that will carry you into spring. For effective simplicity, Janet Leigh's dress, right, with its knife-pleated skirt, pointed collar and gold piping trim to match the belt. By Jerry Gilden in baby blue, winter white, mint green, pink, red, and navy blue. Sizes 10-18. \$17.95 at The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bullocks Los Angeles, Cal.; Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

A pastel with personality, the wool jersey dress, below, enters the glamour field with a pearl-studded belt, pointed wing collar. Skirt is shirred over the hips. Sleeves are raglan, above elbow. By McArthur, in aqua, pink, winter white. Sizes 10-18. \$17.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y., Gimbel Brothers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79

Janet Leigh is featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Red Danube"







PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York.

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Shirley Temple-"The Story of Seabiscuit" dress in size 12-14-16-18-20.

Name..... Size.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

*Shirley Temple, a Selznick Star, in Warner's
"The Story of Seabiscuit," color by Technicolor,*

wears this detachable cape dress designed by Leah Rhodes. An eye-catching ensemble for springtime strolling, a dress for now, without the cape. For the smart little-girl look, Miron's Ingrain worsted in a neutral or pastel, featuring the new muted tones

New Trends in Beauty

(Continued from page 53) Cyd, the sophisticate, cool with vibrant undertones; Barbara, jazzy, gay, the hoyden; Arlene, a man's woman, definitely, in appearance and manner; Betsy, the crisp, Eastern-college, Hepburnish type; Patricia, suave and intellectual, but fiery in a well-bred way.

Allene Roberts lives with her mother and grandmother, helps with the housework, even mows the lawn. Right now, she looks too young or too old for almost every part she wants. She insists she's twenty-one, although she doesn't look a day over sixteen, and her soft little voice doesn't help to make her seem older, either.

Allene's cut herself a bang. But she keeps it cropped close to her forehead and gently waved, and it's naturally curly. She has lovely, rich brown hair which looks infinitely clean and well-tended. No wild curls, no huge puffs, no frizz. Her eyebrows are brushed and shiny (she uses a mascara brush for the purpose), and since she wears them unplucked, she feels they need extra care. Her lashes are long and curly and she never wears mascara, except at night; then she'll even add eyeshadow. Her skin is of baby quality and she keeps it that way by cleaning it two or three times a day.

Wears fingernail polish, which she applies herself, but *never* toenail polish. Wears quiet, unobtrusive clothes which tend to make her appear even smaller than she is, which is mighty small, anyway. She's five-feet-one and weighs 101 pounds. She's gained four pounds lately and is delighted about it. "Did you ever go into a shop, ask for a size nine, and find it miles too big?" Well, that's been Allene's trouble. Now she fits into size nine nicely.

Next, Cyd Charisse. She moves like a

dream, gliding as she walks, with more grace and motion than any one woman should be allowed to have. She never diets. Dancing, and she still practices every day of her life, takes care of her figure. She's mistress of a beautiful new home in Bel-Air, and she's decorating it herself (the den is papered in sheet music, Cyd's own idea).

Her clothes are always in good taste, mostly suits, no ruffles, never an extra pleat. She loves luxury and buys the finest of negligees and lingerie, all hemmed and smocked by hand, and trimmed with imported laces. She takes long scented baths, then covers herself with delicate talcs and flowery colognes. She's probably one of the cleanest, most perfectly groomed girls in Hollywood.

She's shoe mad. She has to hide the new ones she buys from husband Tony Martin, who's decided to call a halt to her shoe buying mania. Appears stockingless frequently, due to her magnificent tan, which she keeps almost all year. A soap-and-water girl, she depends upon utter cleanliness to keep her skin lovely. Probably the happiest girl you've ever seen.

THIRDLY, there's Barbara Lawrence, the big fun girl of Hollywood; an untroubled, uninhibited nineteen, who loves everybody in the world and is loved by everybody. She's got that wonderful quality of bubbling friendliness and complete unaffectedness that has everyone calling her darling five minutes after meeting her.

A tall, five-foot-seven-and-a-half-inches girl, she's a substantial 130 most of the time, although she's ten pounds underweight now. She gives the idea of a seventeen-inch waist and no hips, yet she insists her waistline's twenty-four (and

she takes off her belt to prove it) and her hips are an incredible thirty-six inches. She'll skip breakfast if someone doesn't remind her about it, have a marshmallow sundae for lunch, and a sardine and raw onion sandwich for dinner at some spot where the pianist is terrific. On such a hit-or-miss routine, the girl's complexion is divine, her eyes are wondrously bright, her spirits indomitable.

She's a natural blonde, the softest ash-blonde you ever saw. She used to bleach her hair to platinum for pictures but she's let it go back to its natural color. Ask her what she does to keep her skin in condition and she'll howl with delight. "Who's got the time for such stuff?" She has a lot of fun with her hair, though, and gave herself a shampoo the other day and a beer rinse. "After I combed it out it looked very soft and fluffy," she says. Now she uses beer regularly. Stuff right out of the bottle.

Kind of a Broadway character, a snappy conversationalist, devil-may-care attitude. She's young, she's in love (with Murray Hamilton of the cast of Broadway's "Mr. Roberts"). She's even divorced, but she can't let that get her down. Too much in life to waste time fretting.

Wears lots of off-the-shoulder blouses, dresses and gowns, flat-heeled shoes. Sleeps in nothing at all, summer or winter. She never remembers to buy herself perfume, but is happy to use whatever anyone gives her as a present.

She's sweet and sensitive under that "hi ya pal" exterior, and has enough temperament to take her far in Hollywood.

Let's take Arlene Dahl next. She's all woman and she works at her job twenty-four hours a day. The results don't always please other women, (Continued on page 79)

Miss 1950

the fitted Case
of the Year...by



...appearing with the glamorous star

Shirley Temple

in Colin Miller's production

"A KISS FOR CORLISS" released by United Artists

Shirley's "Miss 1950" is new and exciting! Comes fitted with finest plate glass removable mirror; curved Lucite hairbrush, newly perfected spill-proof powder box and leakproof atomizer; jewelry and hosiery compartment.

Washable lining. So complete there's even a sewing kit! You'll agree with Shirley, it's a "dream!"



3 Piece Ensemble

in the new luxury leather—beautiful but tough TEXAS STEERHIDE. Triple saddle stitching; new "bump-proof" N-Dur Edge (pat. pending). Miss 1950 fitted case, \$55.00*. Lady's wardrobe, \$49.75 and 21" Weekend Case \$35.00 lined in contrasting satin.

T O KEEP YOU IN LINE

Nyralon bra with modified plunge comes in eight confetti colors. Sizes 32-38, A and B cup. By Flexees. \$2.50 at all leading stores. For the youthful figure, a nylon taffeta and lace elastic girdle by Kleinert. Sizes small, medium and large, white only. \$5.00 at The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Nylon taffeta bra has marquisette trim. Sizes 32-40, A and B. In white, pink and black. By Bestform. \$1.50 Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio. A longer nylon taffeta girdle with zipper By Jantzen in white and pink, sizes \$8.50 at Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn,

nylon cup. at John length closing. 26-34. N. Y.

A sheer bra of nylon marquisette by Peter Pan. Sizes 32-38, A and B cup, white only. \$3.00 at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. Pink Ice seamless, boneless latex girdle. Small, medium and large. \$4.95 at all leading stores

(Continued from page 77) but the man who wouldn't like to date her has yet to see her. Arlene knows she's beautiful now but she worries some about being beautiful twenty years from now. Consequently, she never just slaps her make-up on and dashes out. She allows herself plenty of time to cream her face properly, apply her make-up carefully, arrange her hair perfectly (and people have been known to rage as Arlene has spent twenty minutes or so over just one curl), then dress with utmost care. She designs her own clothes, even makes some of them herself, and though some of them are fussier than most of the other girls are wearing, they are perfect for Arlene's personality.

She entered the Metro commissary, one day, dressed in a three-quarter-length belted fur coat, with push-up sleeves, Mary-Jane shoes, a natural straw bonnet with velvet bow-ties under her chin and a few other accessories which other girls might have been tempted to leave off. "Oh no!" gasped another actress on the lot, deploring what she thought was Arlene's utter lack of fashion sense. Then Don Loper, the designer, who knows a great deal about women's clothes and their effect on personality, calmed her down. "You think she's overdressed?" he questioned the unbelieving actress. "She's not, really. Look around at the men in this place, every man has his eyes glued on her, wants to know who she is, can he meet her? No, Arlene isn't overdressed. She knows exactly what she's doing."

Arlene probably wears more make-up than any of the other girls, but it's always applied so skillfully you see nothing but the total effect. Cyd, for instance, never wears much more than lipstick; her own coloring is so bright. Arlene, on the other hand, uses foundation base, powder, rouge, a little mascara and eye-shadow—but all so daintily, so perfectly, that you'd swear she used nothing at all. That's cosmetic application at its best. None of the other girls uses any eye make-up, with the exception of Barbara Lawrence, whose long lashes are so light she needs mascara to make them noticeable, even in the daytime.

The freest soul is Betsy Drake. The most independent, the most unconventional. Even in a town full of beautiful women, she refuses to use make-up and wears her hair short and uneven. You have to take her as she is or not at all. And since she has the best-looking man in town as her exclusive boy friend, and since her career is going great guns, Betsy's policy of being natural is paying off.

She's a tight, wiry, slim young thing who wears sweaters and skirts most of the time and the simplest of dresses when she goes out.

She's direct and outspoken, even though she stutters a bit when she talks. Her voice sounds a trifle affected, but since it's always the same, it's undoubtedly natural.

Betsy lives in a small house she rents. She has a maid who keeps her in clean laundry, although the only one of the whole group who does everything for her-

self is Allene Roberts. The others have their mothers or a cousin (Arlene) keep up their intimate wardrobes.

Betsy's hair is straight and she never has it curled, except when it's necessary for a picture. Otherwise, she has it trimmed once a month, then washes it herself. As for oil massages or any other "extra" beauty care, she says she really should, but she never remembers. Betsy, like all the other girls, can't stress personal cleanliness enough as the first and foremost rule of beauty.

PAT NEAL is the most worldly of all these girls. She, too, lives alone in a hill-top house with her books, her records and her really fine paintings—one, an original that she gave up a fur coat to own. Her skin's dreamy, so she uses very little on it, just a light foundation cream and lipstick. She believes in short hair, but has to keep hers long for pictures. Her bosses insist.

Pat's features are small, surprisingly enough, although they photograph considerably larger. Her eyes are great and deep and meaningful. And those eyebrows are all hers. She has the real old-time consuming-fire attitude toward her career, the stuff of which stars are made. At thirty, she'll probably be the greatest of them all.

The lipsticks of all these girls are softer and lighter. Nail polish is pinker, quieter, in line with the clothes colors. And everybody has gone all out for black. It's a black year—even for the very young girls—for the first time in years.

These girls can't afford designer-styled clothes (probably wouldn't want them if they could; too faddish, too transient) but they love the rich materials, the brocades, the metallic threadings, the satins. These girls are normal, natural, young—and very personality conscious. Everything they wear must make their personalities more understandable, more definite.

When I say that none of our lovely young stars-to-be goes in for custom-made originals, I must exclude Pat Neal, who's suddenly gone completely clothes-mad. She was in Europe for "The Hasty Heart," you remember, and while there she made a trip to Paris and bought several breath-taking Dior originals. Pat's so tall that she can wear anything and look divine in it. Side swishes, pencil-slim sheaths, velvet profile berets; she gives them more dash and color than any twenty-two-year-old Kentucky belle has the right to impart. And she rarely wears flats; neither does she wear platforms. Just good solid heels that seem to melt into the rest of her costume with no undue attention attracted to them.

All of these future stars, with the possible exception of Barbara, who can bounce with energy and vitality even with four hours of sleep, are careful about plenty of rest and a good balanced diet. They're grand girls and in looks, they put those who still abide by the elaborate, old-fashioned beauty routine to shame.

THE END



Have confidence in the clothes you buy, says Leah Rhodes, talented Warner Brothers designer, who designed the Shirley Temple Photoplay Pattern dress on page 76

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Checked dress:

Townfield, 1410 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Jersey dress with studded belt:

McArthur Ltd., 1372 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Jersey dress with pleated skirt:

Jerry Gilden, 498 Seventh Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Nyralon bra:

Flexees, 417 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Youthful girdle:

Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Nylon marquisette bra:

Peter Pan, 312 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Latex girdle:

International Latex Corp.,
350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Nylon taffeta bra:

Bestform, 64 West 23rd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Longer girdle:

Jantzen, 350 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

There can be no peace with polio!

We must steadily wage war against infantile paralysis if we are to avoid the tragic record of 1949 when nearly 40,000 American families were invaded by this dread disease.

Don't fall behind in this fight for humanity

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES JANUARY 16-31

Midnight Frolic

(Continued from page 62) Dick. And she kept the party itself a secret from Michael.

Joan Marsh, a long-time friend of Norah's, who couldn't be at the party, offered to decorate the house and the table. Joan, who used to be a motion picture actress and now has her own business, Paper Unlimited, does the decorations for many Hollywood parties. She carried out the motif of the Kirby party with streamers, multicolored balloons, and a gay paper clown filled with gifts.

The balloons, filled with helium gas so they would stay in the air, were marked with the guests' names and tied to the handles of the punch cups. Hot Burgundy punch was used for the toast to 1950. An old Canadian custom which the Kirbys, both native Canadians, always follow.

While they waited for the clock to strike twelve, they played a guessing game in which each person worked out his New Year's resolution in pantomime. Michael's was never to go away on tour again, and Norah's was that, if Michael broke his resolution, she would take up her career again and go with him. Adrian vowed to have the cookbook she's working on ready for publication before the end of 1950, and David Brian resolved to build a barbecue pit so Adrian could try out some of her barbecued recipes. John Derek resolved to have a one-man exhibition of his paintings, and Patti hopes to have at least five blue ribbon champions out of the last litter of German Shepherds.

It was at this point that Michael Jr. and Patricia Kirby joined the party—at least, until they were discovered standing in their nightclothes in the doorway and hustled back to bed.

After the midnight supper, with Michael incredulous that Norah could have arranged such a party and such refreshments without his help or his knowledge, there was talk, good talk.

David and Adrian, who've just moved into their new hilltop home, overlooking the Valley, were full of enthusiasm about it. David, whose hobby is carpentry work, is building what he hopes, eventually, will be a pool house.

Allene Roberts, as sweet and quiet as you'd expect her to be, kept hoping that 1950 would be as good for her as 1949 was, what with "Knock on Any Door," and the number one position on Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" poll to her credit.

John Derek, who looks more like a native of some far-off mysterious land than a native of California, was a little solemn, but his eyes lit up when he described paintings he had done on location.

Norah's supper was really divine, so divine, that Adrian and Patti wanted her recipes. Anyone would. Norah had covered the baked ham with frosting. On this she wrote *Happy New Year—1950* in pink. With the baked ham she had scalloped potatoes, cole slaw with sour cream dressing, pineapple corn sticks and lemon meringue ice box cake. For appetizers during the evening, she served cold boiled shrimps with two dips: Mayonnaise mix and chili sauce. Guacamole with potato chips for dunking was also very popular. (We gave you a recipe for Guacamole in the December, 1948, issue, but if you'd like a reprint, send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.)

APPETIZERS

Arrange boiled shrimp on a large plate with a divided bowl in center. (3 to 4 lbs. serves 12.) In half the divided bowl, place mayonnaise sauce; in other half, snappy chili sauce.

Mayonnaise sauce: Mix 1 cup mayon-

naise with 2 tbsp. lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated onion.

Snappy Chili Sauce: To $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chili sauce or ketchup, add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dry mustard, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 tsp. horseradish, 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco. Mix well.

HOT BURGUNDY PUNCH

Place 3 qts. burgundy wine, 3 sticks cinnamon and 5 cloves in a kettle. Bring to boil and serve hot.

BAKED HAM

Norah baked the 10-pound precooked ham according to the directions on the label. Before she baked it, she trimmed off the outside skin, then brushed it with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice (white wine is good, too) mixed with 1 cup brown sugar. Since the ham was to be decorated it was not scored, but a dozen whole cloves were stuck in the surface. After baking, these were removed and the ham cooled. Norah first covered the meat with a plain white frosting: To 2 tbsp. water and 2 tbsp. lemon juice, gradually stir in 2 cups confectioners' sugar. Then she made this pink frosting: To 2 tbsp. melted butter and 1 tbsp. pineapple juice, gradually add 1 cup confectioners' sugar. Beat in a few drops of red coloring. She placed this in a pastry tube and used it for the lettering.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel and slice thin 10 medium-size potatoes. Place $\frac{1}{4}$ potato slices in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, pepper as you like, 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. grated onion and generous dots of butter or margarine. Repeat the potatoes and all seasonings three times, to make four layers. Add milk, until it can be seen between the top slices of potatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until potatoes are just tender. Then remove cover and bake 10 minutes more, or until delicately brown. Milk may be added from time to time if needed. Makes 12 servings.

COLE SLAW WITH SOUR CREAM DRESSING

1 large head cabbage
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
2 medium apples

Remove core from cabbage and soak in salted water at least 30 minutes. Drain and pat dry. Shred or chop fine into a large bowl. Mix mayonnaise, sour cream and lemon juice. Wash and core apples and slice very thin. Add to dressing, dipping

a few in lemon juice and saving them for garnish. Combine dressing and cabbage.

PINEAPPLE CORN STICKS

2 cups sifted flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup yellow cornmeal
1 tbsp. baking powder
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted shortening, cooled
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple, well drained
Mix and sift into bowl the flour, cornmeal, baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine egg, milk and shortening. Pour into dry ingredients all at once. Stir just enough to moisten dry ingredients. Fold in pineapple. Fill well-greased corn stick pans $\frac{3}{4}$ full. (If your pans are two-piece, batter should come over the top of bottom pan.) Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 14 corn sticks.

LEMON MERINGUE ICE BOX CAKE

4 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cream of tartar
Pinch of salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
4 egg yolks
3 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. lemon rind
1 cup heavy cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites until foamy; add cream of tartar and salt. Beat until whites stand in peaks. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Pour into two well-greased 8-in. cake tins, piling meringue a little higher in center than on sides. Bake in a very low oven (275° F.) 40 minutes, or until firm to the touch, but not browned. Cool, then remove from pans. Place egg yolks, remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, lemon juice and rind in top of double boiler; beat until well combined. Cook over hot (not boiling) water until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat heavy cream until it stands in soft peaks. Add vanilla and 2 tbsp. sugar, if desired. Place one baked meringue on serving dish. Cover with lemon filling. Top with half of whipped cream and second baked meringue; cover with remaining whipped cream. Chill 4 to 5 hours.

(Mike Kirby is in "You're Only Young Twice," Barbara Lawrence in "Thieves' Highway," Douglas Dick in "Home of the Brave," David Brian in "Beyond the Forest," Adrian Booth in "The Savage Horde," Allene Roberts in "Knock on Any Door," Johnny Sands in "Outrage," John Derek in "Rogues of Sherwood Forest.")

THE END

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So send your vote in now, to:

PORTRAIT POLL EDITOR
c/o PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.



My choice

(Continued from page 64) Claire Trevor looked wonderful in a bright yellow sheer wool cocktail dress, with matching wool stole. And believe us, the shade didn't "kill" her blonde hair, it enhanced it.

There's lots of style news in new combinations of materials, but you can relax about suddenly being faced with any radical change in style. What's even more cheering, there will be so many and varied silhouettes, that just about anything that becomes you will be the thing to buy. Dressy clothes will get a little more tailored, and the combination of taffeta and tweed or tweed and satin is something new! Imagine tweed going formal, and it has! Patricia Neal has a divine suit of mauve tweed, designed for "dressed-up" restaurant dining. The slim, cocktail-length skirt has flaring hip pockets, but it's topped with an off-shoulder "waist" of strapless amethyst satin. Over this, goes a small jacket of the mauve tweed, long-sleeved and with that "dress-maker look." Self-buttoned down the front, the collar of this coat is wide, rolling and loosely low, showing just a peep of the satin bodice, even when it's buttoned up.

Don Loper's collection featured lots and lots of glamorous black; Howard Greer went very "oomphy" with afternoon and night ensembles in the lavish and very feminine manner. He loves those big poufs at the sides or back of otherwise slim-lined gowns. But it's the wonderfully full ball gowns of Greer, Adrian, and other designers that seem to please the dancing lasses the most. One of the loveliest things in Irene's new show was bought by Ava Gardner. A gorgeous, strapless evening dress, the top of which was a skin-tight black satin bodice, very décolleté, slight-

ly heart-shaped in front and trimmed only with a narrow "collar" of the same satin folded flat all around the front. The fabulously full floor-length skirt has great big draped black satin swags descending from the waistline to several inches below the hips at each side. Doesn't the description of it, give you ideas about the "possibilities" of any net evening gown (of any color) that you might own, and which, perhaps, looks a little "tired" to you at this point?

Judy Garland came back from the East loaded with clothes and a fresh new interest in duds that she hasn't exhibited in a long time. One outfit (and an absolute pip for traveling) is really three dresses in one. The basic piece is a strapless, short evening dress of a sturdy crepe, the kind that "hangs out its own wrinkles." With jewelry and elaborate accessories, this version can go to any after-five affair except a ball. Now, this dress has its own snug-fitting black jacket of soft black wool, and can be worn this way to shop or to lunch. The third piece is a stunning jacket of rose-pink metallic cloth and when it's worn over the dress, Judy has a beautiful cocktail suit.

SONJA HENIE tossed one of her "smaller parties" for her new husband. Winnie Gardiner. A small party to Sonja means about fifty people, and how nice it was! She cellophane-tented in the terrace around her playhouse by the pool, and seated her guests at two long flower-laden tables for twenty-five each. The hit of the party was, but positively, the richest, crunchiest, chocolatest, most fattening dessert we ever sunk a molar into! Van Johnson ditched his diet to dive in and so did Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Bob

Topping, Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman and the Tony Martins. Lana, who wore almost nothing but white for a whole year once, is now going in almost exclusively for black. She had on a lovely thing of black chiffon and lace this night, and was sporting a gorgeous new set of diamond wing-shaped clips. (P. S. It turned out that the luscious dessert mentioned above had been whipped up by Sonja's Momma. It took hours, and nobody would give with the recipe, or we'd sure pass it on to you.)

Well, kiddies, Joan Crawford had sixteen (count 'em) extra men at the splendid formal dinner dance she gave just before starting to work in "The Victim." She had the extra men because she was afraid one of those gin-rummy sessions would start after dinner and leave a lot of beautiful belles beau-less. Among her "stags at eve" were attractive Jack Briggs, the visiting Prince Mohammed Pahlavi (who used to beau Rita Hayworth), Mel Ferrer, John Hodiak (Anne Baxter was in Arizona on location), and husky Jim Davis, now regaining his foothold in the movies, after almost losing it with the unsuccessful "Winter Meeting."

Joan wore an ankle-length gown of pale, delicate beige lace over a toast-brown slip. High-necked, snug basque top with tiny sleeves, very full, gored skirt. This simplicity was highlighted by her blazing diamond jewelry consisting of that baquette choker with its enormous diamond clip appended, diamond earrings, that uniquely set oblong diamond ring of hers, and if we start describing any more of Crawford's jewel collection, we'll only turn bright green with envy again, so we'll stop.

THE END

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(Continued from page 48) the boy could answer, he hurried on. "If there's anything of any importance and value that I can tell you, my boy, it's this. Never, never try to force yourself into any work which you don't enjoy. You'll never succeed at it. I don't know what you want to do, and perhaps, you don't either, yet. But when you find out what it is, do it, and give it everything you have."

But Gordon knew. He wanted to sing. He didn't know then, just where or how he wanted to sing, but that didn't matter, if he could only do it so that people would like to hear him.

He's been singing ever since, whenever the spirit moved him, sometimes with surprising results. There was the time, several years later, when he was a page boy at the NBC studios in New York and was taking a breather from his duties in the lounge. Suddenly, from nowhere, there appeared a gentleman who introduced himself as George Jackson. "Do you read music?" he asked. He was, he revealed, with the Horace Heidt organization. A singer was leaving them unexpectedly. Would Gordon like to audition for the spot? Gordon would, did, and soon was singing like everything with one of the big name bands.

MacRae was the first actor since Bing Crosby to come into pictures with a ready-made audience, who loved his voice but had never seen his face. He felt much as Bing felt in his early motion picture days when he used to moan, "When they get a load of my pan, will they start breaking up my records?"

GORDON thought of this a few months ago, when he was in Kansas City while "Look for the Silver Lining" was being shown. He dropped into a juke joint where a beery character was playing one of his recordings over and over.

"This guy, MacRae, sends me," said the beery one, with dreamy delight. "D'you like 'im?"

"He sings some numbers in a picture showing just down the street," Gordon volunteered.

The beery one considered. "Unh! Uh!" he decided, suddenly. "Don't wanna see his face. He might not send me any more!"

There were four MacRaes when they arrived in Hollywood, two years ago. Gordon and Sheila and two little girls, Meredith Lynn and Heather Allison. There are five now, since the advent of small William Gordon MacRae who recently had his first birthday cake.

When you meet the MacRaes, you find it almost impossible to believe that they have actually been married nine years and that they are the parents of this husky trio of youngsters, they look so very young, themselves. Sheila was in her teens when Gordon first met her at the Millpond Playhouse at Roslyn, Long Island, where they were both trying to acquire acting experience. A summer stock company furnishes beautiful opportunities for whirlwind courtship, but this young couple had the conventional obstacles of the money question, as well as parental objections, because of Sheila's extreme youth. It took what seemed to them an interminable time, seven months, to surmount these and to marry.

Now they think they are at last "putting down roots" on an acre of ground in the San Fernando Valley, in a modest, comfortable house which will have to be enlarged practically at once to accommodate a growing family, three dogs, two cats and a brace of love-birds.

Sheila, who has exquisite taste, has had a wonderful time accumulating the maple

furniture and soft-toned fabrics which make their home seem such a peaceful dwelling.

"This is such a wonderful place for lazy people," Gordon says, "that you work as hard as you possibly can, while you are working, in order to earn time to be incredibly dormant when you are free."

You may wonder when he ever has time to be even a little bit lazy, with a weekly radio show, numerous recordings to make and many pictures coming at him in swift succession. And consider that he had to learn to ride horseback for "Return of the Frontiersman," and that he spent gruelling hours every day for weeks learning to dance, for the first time in his life, for "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady."

They haven't had the time or inclination to give parties, except for a few intimate ones. Afterwards, they play games or have music (Gordon is likely to play the clarinet if not firmly discouraged), or just talk.

GORDON was born in East Orange, New Jersey, but his family moved to Syracuse, New York (where his father established those factories), while he was very young. He went to grammar and high school there and then to Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, always entering enthusiastically into any amateur theatricals, especially if there was a singing role to be had. "I was a ham at the age of four," he relates, "when they let me 'lead the band' in kindergarten! I can even remember that triumph." He earned his first professional fees at the age of twelve when he was allowed to be "the heavy" in a series of radio programs for children.

After Deerfield, he tried New York and did what he could until the page boy job led to the spot with Horace Heidt. There were tours of night clubs and theaters, until his appearance as singing lead of "Three to Make Ready." He was auditioning for a role in the stage production of "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing!" when Bill Orr, then a talent scout for Warner Brothers, happened to drop in. Gordon didn't get the part in "Look" but Orr liked his audition so much, the next thing the MacRae family knew, it was being rushed to Hollywood.

Sheila is tall, graceful and glowingly blonde, and her husband is convinced that if she will only revive her early acting ambitions, she will become an important motion picture star.

Friends, of course, protest. "But, Gordon, you've seen what happens to marriage when there are two careers in one family. Aren't you afraid?"

He is definitely not afraid. "With nine years of successful marriage behind us, and three nice kids, wouldn't it be a breach of faith to admit any fears?" he demands. "Sheila is talented and it is always wrong to stifle talent for any reason. Talent doesn't belong, really, even to the person who has it. It's a sort of trust."

He has only recently discovered that he actually likes to save money, although Sheila has been pointing out to him for years that it was a pleasant occupation.

"It does more things for you than you could have dreamed," he marvels. "Even makes you a better actor. I know now that an actor with money in the bank can be better at his job because he is a more relaxed individual."

If he could, he would climb a mountain and proclaim to all who are young:

"Find out what you want to do and work at it. Have joy in it, and be grateful for what is not actually yours, but is divinely given!"

THE END

The Most Exciting Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 56) forget these things to turn the columns of their papers into public whipping posts for charmers like Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose."

It always is futile, of course, to argue with those who condemn for the sheer pleasure they take in sitting back in vicarious virtue.

"Tell us, Elsa," said my shipboard host, trying to avert a feminine tussle, no doubt, "why you rate Miss Taylor the most exciting girl in Hollywood."

"Because she is one star who isn't afraid to act her age," I announced, and the subject ended in general laughter.

Actually, there are many reasons why Elizabeth is exciting. She is a great, authentic beauty. It must be intoxicating to awaken in the morning and have her face look back at you from the mirror. And I do not mean to forget her beautifully curved body. That's not all. Neither empty-headed nor lackadaisical, Elizabeth has not, even for a moment, coasted on her looks. She has vitality. She has imagination and she has humor.

BECAUSE of all this, I doubt even Hollywood will be equal to forcing Elizabeth into any cautious, fearful mold. She may well have before her such a life and such a career as great beauties used to know. What if, in those days, too, a few suspicious souls, who put the worst possible interpretation on everything, used to cluck disapprovingly? The rest of the world enjoyed these glamorous existences mightily.

In many ways, Elizabeth remains a child. Before she broke her engagement to Bill Pawley Jr., her studio school-teacher used to shake her head over the idea of Elizabeth getting married. "She's too immature," she would say. "She's still a little girl in many ways. Already, she's missing going to the beach for the day with her gang, having the same freedom that other girls her age know."

Liz, these days, never seems to have time to get herself together properly. She's addicted to pin trouble; likely to come apart at the seams. At a party at Tommy Breen's, Tommy's mother had to pin Liz together before she could go downstairs and join the fun.

Roddy MacDowall loves to tell about the first time he met Elizabeth. It was on the set of her first picture, "Lassie Come Home." When she came on the set, the cameraman took one look at her long, thick black lashes and said, "Would you mind going back to the make-up man and have him remove part of your make-up. You have on too much mascara and eye pencil." Elizabeth, in a small voice, answered, "It isn't make-up. It's me!"

Jerome Courtland's known Liz for years, of course. Like the others, he insists the wacky things she does and her habit of definitely forgetting to remember, are part of her charm. On last New Year's Day, Jerome asked Liz to the big game at the Rose Bowl. He had some errands to do in the morning, so he left the precious tickets with her. The minute he parked in front of her house and honked she came running out. They had arranged an early start because of the terrific traffic jam. During the last five miles, creeping along a foot at a time, they consumed the sandwiches and soft drinks Jerome had brought along. Finally, they got the car parked and started towards the stadium. "You'd better give the tickets to me, Liz," Jerome said. She gasped. "Oh dear, I forgot them." They telephoned the Taylor house and Mr. Taylor offered to drive

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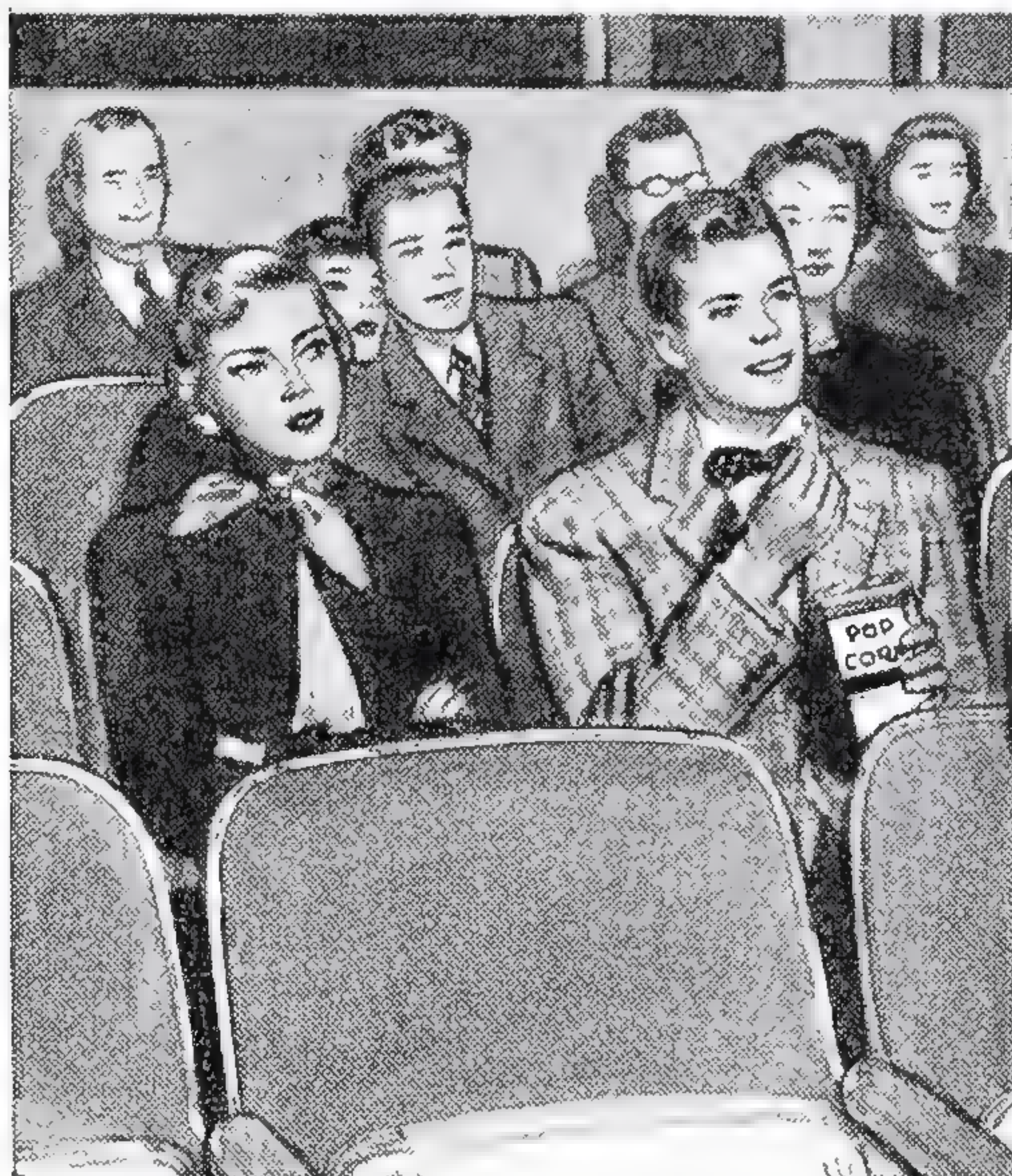
☐ Try crowd psychology

☐ Play Hannah the Hermit

☐ Stick to hen parties

Chances are, it's *solo* dates the family vetoes . . . they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for

solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're toggled for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence . . . (and Kotex!).



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- ☐ If you're asked to a formal fray
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- ☐ Has the Tweedy Look
- ☐ Majors in poetry

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over with them. Jerome and Liz reached the stands in time for the middle of the second quarter.

However, for all her gaiety and vitality and slight wackiness, Liz is also given to flights of imagination. There are within her, still, the same facets of personality that caused her to fall passionately in love with the chipmunk, "Nibbles," whom she immortalized between book covers with her tender story and illustrations. She possesses, too, the same facets of personality that caused her to go home and wish and pray that she might grow inches quickly enough to capture the role of Velvet in "National Velvet." And either by a miracle, or through a natural spurt of growth, she accomplished this. She grew three inches in three months' time.

It is her imagination, of course, that causes her to fall in love. Any girl might be excused for thinking herself in love with a hero like Glenn Davis. Any girl might have worn his gold football with dreamy pride. Any girl might have thrilled to and talked about the West Point engagement ring he had ordered for her. But Elizabeth's imagination went further. She dreamed, all the time he was away in the Orient, of the life they would have together. There would be brass and copper all about, she said, to reflect the firelight. There would be curtains to pull across the windows when darkness covered the hills and the sea below.

WHEN Elizabeth and her mother returned from a sojourn in England, the press talked more about her engagement to Glenn than she did. By this time, it may be her imagination was moving far ahead of her. She even protested the publicity about Glenn and herself. "The people at West Point don't like it," she used to say, over and over. "They disapprove of Glenn's name and picture appearing in magazines and newspapers with an actress. Glenn writes me about it." But the publicity increased, in spite of her.

While she was in New York, she went on a clothes-buying spree. It must be sheer heaven to go on a clothes-buying spree when you look like Liz Taylor.

She was excited about the dresses she had selected when she went down to her car with her mother. Then, at a crossing, she spied a Seeing Eye dog. The dresses were forgotten. She was the little girl of a handful of years ago, who lived in her own world peopled with chipmunks, dogs and horses.

In Florida, she met Bill Pawley Jr. He took her swimming. He took her dancing at the big homes of his friends on the islands. He took her sailing under the most incredible moon. He, possessing all the advantages of wealth, ease and leisure,

introduced Elizabeth to these things. Again, her imagination ran away with her. By the time Glenn Davis arrived, unexpectedly, she had another dream. She would be Mrs. William Pawley Jr. She would have a lovely house on a lovely island. How could a mere motion picture career compare with being a leisured wife, a famous hostess, swimming every day in that bright sea? It couldn't, until she returned to Hollywood, and her career claimed her thoughts again.

It was then the big diamond on her finger began to look less glamorous. It was then she began to be irked by the restrictions of being engaged. She had asked for it, yes, but she became less and less sure she wanted it when she watched her young group pair off without her, when, if she did go along, she was a "spare." Even her imagination could conjure up no glamorous picture for a "spare."

Elizabeth will be eighteen in February. Other girls her age are in the romantic throes of collecting frat pins and school letters and of propounding over hot fudge sundaes and marshmallow floats, their deathless love for the first youth to have physical attraction for them. For these girls and their young gentlemen, there is no harm in all this. It is, at once, an exciting and heartbreaking part of growing up. But, when you're Elizabeth Taylor of Hollywood, and football heroes and scions of famous houses fall in love with you, the presses roll. And the consequences are different.

Glenn Davis is back at West Point. His life is a full one. And he is such a truly attractive young man that, now that the ribbing he undoubtedly took for a time is over, I have no doubt he faces his brilliant future with equanimity and another pretty girl on his arm.

Bill Pawley Jr. is a sophisticate. I doubt Elizabeth was his first love. I am certain she will not be his last. If he wishes, he can sail around the world to forget his hurt, if any hurt remains.

Elizabeth is in Hollywood, at work in "A Place in the Sun," creating a role which entrances her. At the moment, she has set her course on becoming a great actress. She still has her imagination. She still has her vitality. She still has her sense of fun. She still forgets to remember. I doubt, therefore, that either the experiences of the past, or the future exigencies of Hollywood ever will change her. I think she will continue to live in the tradition of the great beauties who lived lives more colorful and romantic and exciting than any role they ever essayed on screen or stage.

Which explains why I rate Liz the most exciting girl in Hollywood today.

THE END

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No One Else Could Take Her Place

(Continued from page 41) married: We wanted a baby, and we bought a little house.

Then our studio ran through three administrations and everybody, including us, got fired.

Barbara refused to worry. At least, she refused to admit she was worried. Lots of people had had babies, she said, with a lot less security than we had.

But I fretted. I was a slum kid. My father died when I was six years old, and my mother worked like a dog as a waitress to pay a couple to take care of me, you could hardly call it room and board, because I slept in the bathtub, but they were kind to me, and it was home. I could remember, all too vividly, what it was like to be broke, *really* broke. I felt the pressure all the more deeply, I think, because I knew Barbara didn't know what real poverty was like, and I didn't want her ever to have to face it.

I HAD met her folks, and all her nice friends, when we went back to her home town of Rockford, Illinois, to be married. That pretty little mid-western city, that sense of roots and matter-of-fact abundance was a far cry from the struggle just to stay alive I remembered from my childhood.

Barbara probably can't understand this even yet, and she is the most understanding, the most generous, and the most patient and tolerant person I've ever known. But I worried until I was sick.

And then one morning I was really sick. I'm a big guy, and I look like a healthy brute, but I have an old back injury which goes back to my adagio-dancing days. It kicked up when I was in basic training in the service, and I was medically discharged.

It had let me alone for a couple of years. We didn't need my trick back cutting up on top of everything else, but we got it. I went to bed one night, feeling fine. The next morning, I couldn't get out of bed. I couldn't move my legs.

This business went on for five interminable months, and I don't think Barbara said one discouraged word. When it began to look as though one doctor couldn't lick it, the poisoning, or infection, or whatever it was, Barbara would dig up another specialist. We didn't talk about it, as though by mutual consent, but I know I *dreamed* about doctor bills.

The topper came when yet another doctor decided that I should go into the hospital for a concentrated series of penicillin injections.

Barbara drove me down to the hospital, I was on crutches, and she was carrying my bag. The elevator operator took one look at Barbara, the baby was just a month off by now, and deposited us on the maternity floor!

I wouldn't have given a dime right then for my chances ever to get well, ever to get back to work, ever to be able again to take care of my family. And I'm an old-fashioned guy. In my book, a man isn't a man, unless he's a breadwinner.

Despite everything Barbara had done, and she was magnificent, the most wonderful support in time of trouble a man ever had, I felt I was washed up. I had lost all confidence. I was ready to give up.

I don't know exactly what turned the tide. The penicillin worked, for one thing. And I know that first look at our precious little Jody helped. It helped when I heard Barbara's voice, happy and alive, on the loud-speaker in the hospital waiting room. "Tell my husband to come up."

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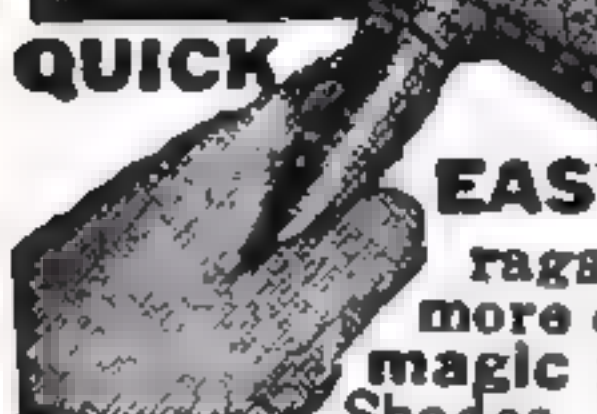
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New hope ran like new blood in my veins when I heard that.

And then I got a job in "The Stratton Story." A job, as a free-lance actor, at twice my old contract salary. That helped. And how!

Funny. We can talk about it now. About how rocky things were. While it was going on, we would talk about everything else.

People say our marriage must be strong for the ordeal, but I can't feel that way about it. Barbara and I didn't need to go through the torments of the damned to know how much we mean to one another.

It was inevitable from the day that we met, when we were both just breaking into pictures at RKO, that we would be married. No matter how much we fought the idea, and both of us fought it, it had to be.

I had sworn early in my show business career, and I was a professional dancer when I was seventeen, that I'd find friends among the women, in what I thought was a rugged profession, but never a wife.

But they mixed, for Barbara and me, from the start. We met doing a publicity layout. Barbara needed to learn some swimming for a picture, and I taught her.

WHEN we finally got a chance to make a picture together, we found all sorts of excuses to be together on and off the lot. We'd have coffee in the commissary and tell one another our troubles. We were both feeling pretty blue about the slow-down at the studio, we were never going to be actors, we figured, if we didn't get our faces on the screen. I think the first item in our mutual attraction was our mutual need for a shoulder to cry on.

Barbara says she was just as determined as I was not to let this thing between us get serious. But I wonder.

And Barbara won't admit this, but she wooed me. "You can drive me home tonight," she'd say, or, "Wouldn't you like to grab a bite to eat after we finish shooting. Dutch treat, of course."

And on New Year's Eve, she called me up and asked me to take her to a party. Somehow, in this process, my fine resolve about not mixing business and personal life was lost.

And then Barbara left town to do personal appearances, and I was desolate. We ran up a phone bill which could compare favorably with the national debt, and the day Barbara got back I was at the station a good hour before train time.

We spied one another at the same moment, and it was as though we were propelled by an unseen puppeteer. We landed in one another's arms.

"Say, Bill," Barbara said after a long

moment, "How would it be if we share the same phone. The bills could all go to one address."

That made it easy for me. The speech I had made up on the same subject was not necessary.

"That's a deal," I said. And it was.

It's been a wonderful marriage except for, no, not except for, including that one spring.

We bought our little house and started fixing it up as soon as we got back from our wedding trip. We don't go out much, and we don't have many guests. We like being together so much better.

We've worked out this two-careers-in-one-family deal pretty well. When Barbara works, I take care of Jody, and cook, and shop, and run the vacuum cleaner. Why not? And when I work, Barbara does it. When we both work, and happily, it looks as though we're going to have to adjust to that situation as normal, Barbara's Mom, or a nice student girl who comes in sometimes, takes over.

As for that old bugaboo about who makes more money than whom, we don't care. It all goes in the same bank account.

One thing that has helped our marriage as much as anything, I think, is that we never let an argument last overnight. We have our little disagreements, all people do, especially if they're both working, and on the tired side. But we made a rule—and we've never broken it—in case of a quarrel, talk it out.

When Barbara went back east for the opening of "The Window," already a celebrity, and set for one of those big studio build-ups, I went along for the ride.

The studio publicity folk met Barbara at the station. I got off the train to find my old dancing pals, Stew and Leta Morgan, waiting to greet me.

"I'll see you at the hotel," I yelled to Barbara as she was hurried away.

I stopped at the hotel desk a couple of hours later and asked for the key to our suite. "Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williams," I said.

They had no reservation for the Williamses. "Maybe," I said, temper rising, "it's in the name of Barbara Hale."

"We have a Barbara Hale registered," the clerk said, suspiciously. "Do you know her?"

"I ought to," I snapped at this, "she's the mother of my child."

This sort of thing happens, and it will go on happening. We expect that. And we don't let it get us down, not for long, anyhow.

The grim spring is past, and will not come again. (We hope.) And the daily hurdles are not insurmountable.

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THE END

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My Nephew Bob Hope

(Continued from page 38) hundreds of people I've never met, all because of the particular boy the family called Les, but whom the world today calls Bob. Bob Hope, one of the finest men who ever came to fame, who was then barely five years old.

Yes, I call him Bob now, too, like the rest of the universe. He lives in a glittering world, quite apart from my simple world in a small California city. Yet he hasn't really changed.

He still has many of the friends he made in boyhood. The first girl he ever seriously dated he still calls upon when he's back in Cleveland, though she is long since married and the mother of children. The only girl he ever loved, he's still married to, after seventeen happy years. His house overruns with youngsters and he loves them all, because he always did love a big family and being part of a gang.

I'VE seen him under all sorts of circumstances, when he's been surrounded by a big pack of back-slappers or when he's alone with myself and his uncle Fred. He's always just himself. I could pay him endless tributes, but I guess the one that tells you most about him is that his entire family adores him. You know that's unusual. It's because he has always been so warmhearted, so thoroughly thoughtful and kind, we couldn't do anything but love him.

But, let me go back to those early Cleveland days and tell you how such a fine man came to be. First of all, don't misunderstand me. Superior as Bob is, he's no better a man than his brothers. They have all turned out to be great men.

Bob's father was my husband's brother, Harry. Harry was a stonemason by trade, and so good at it, he used to cut the intricate stone framework for the rose windows in English churches. I guess it was my husband's and my coming to America, and writing so glowingly about it, that finally persuaded Harry to come here, too. He joined us in Cleveland, got himself a stonemason's job, and after eight lonely months, he had money enough to pay the passage for Avis and the six little boys. (A new baby, George, arrived a year or so after they got to this country.)

They stayed with Fred and me about eight weeks, until they could find a house quite near us, and they hadn't been with us more than a week before I knew, busy as I was, cooking and cleaning and looking after my own brood, that the boy, Les, was the ringleader in everything.

He was never a bad boy. Avis wouldn't have stood for that for one instant. Every boy had certain duties he was made to perform and if he didn't, he got switched. Avis never had one boy just do one thing and another do exclusively something else. Each boy knew how to do everything, and to do it correctly.

As I said, Harry was an expert stonemason, but the wages for a job like that are never large, and nine mouths to feed is really something. Add to that, the way boys grow out of their clothes, and you see the struggle Avis and Harry had.

But Bob, as natural ringleader, found faster ways of making real cash money than just taking some two-bit job. He did sell papers, for years, at the corner of 105th and Euclid Street in Cleveland. He learned an important lesson in economics there, too, from John D. Rockefeller Sr.

Papers, at that time, cost a penny. Bob soon grew to recognize the elderly gentleman who drove by his corner daily, in a Phaeton with a chauffeur, and he would always have the paper ready for him. The old gentleman always had his cent ready, except this one time, when he had a nickel.

Bob didn't have any change. He definitely didn't know the man's name, but he said, "I'll trust you, sir. You can pay me tomorrow."

"No," said Mr. Rockefeller. "You go get me the change."

Now, in Cleveland in those days, any sort of big store made change by putting the bill or coin into a kind of basket that scooted all over the store before it returned to you. For such a small bit of change-making, they made Bob walk back to the change department. It was about a block. It took time, but there was nothing else for him to do, so he did it, duly bringing back the four pennies.

Said Mr. Rockefeller, "See? Never give credit when you can get cash."

It wasn't until his Phaeton had gone on that a passer-by told Bob who the man was. Irritated as my nephew was, he didn't forget that lesson. He is one of the most generous of human beings, not only with his money, but with his time and talents. But, maybe the fact that Bob never goes into debt, has something to do with this episode.

STILL, Bob soon discovered he could make money faster by being funny. Avis told me he had accidentally discovered that in England, while he was still a mere baby. His great-aunt Polly, who was the widow of a sea captain, was crazy about him, and while he was still toddling, he found out that if he stuck out his stomach and showed off before her, she'd give him cookies.

By the time he was in his early teens, he translated this impulse by going into Charlie Chaplin contests.

Chaplin contests were being given everywhere when Bob was growing up, and he got so good that he used to go to Cleveland's Luna Park for them.

He was around fourteen when he met Charlie Cooley. All the Hope brothers palled around with Charlie, who went to school with them.

Charlie loved the stage and went into vaudeville while my nephews were still thinking in terms of high school. He did all right, too, so much all right that several years later, when Bob was trying to break in his act as a "single" in Chicago, it was his looking up Charlie that kept him from just plain starving. Charlie financed him, fed him, and got him booked in a theater for a weekend. Instead, they kept Bob for twenty-two straight weeks. That engagement was the turning point in his career.

Being the fellow he is, Bob didn't forget. Today, Charlie Cooley works for him, and they are still just as close friends as they were as boys in Cleveland.

Bob and Dolores were married in 1932, and if there ever was an ambassador of good will, that lovely girl is surely it. After my husband died, his brother Frank and I used to call often on Bob and Dolores after they finally settled in Hollywood.

Frank and I both know they live in a world apart when they are in public, but at home they are still the unaffected, warm, generous people everyone loves. They took Frank and me back to England with them in 1939, and we would have stayed there, except for the coming war. It's a rare Thanksgiving Day we aren't with them, and most Christmases, and there has never been any Christmas or Easter that they have not most generously remembered us.

He's famous, of course, for his talent as a comedian, as, for instance, in his wonderfully funny role in "The Great Lover." But to me, he's something greater than this, he's a kind and generous man with warmth and a gift for friendship—my nephew, Bob Hope.

THE END



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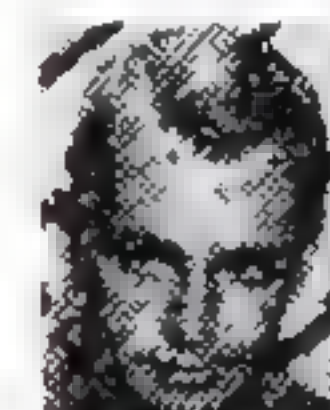
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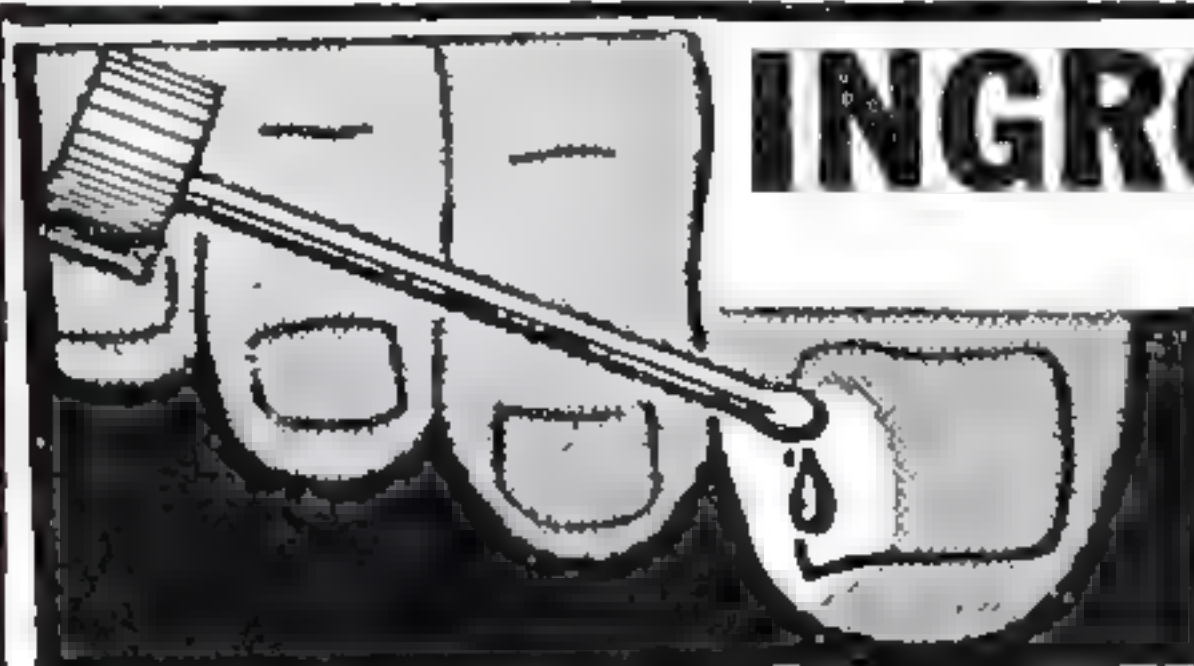
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NERVINE

Duke in Coonskin

(Continued from page 55) got, besides blood?"

It was a fair question. The boy has been around for twenty years. His acting has shot down no Oscars and his sex appeal has swooned no lady columnists into listing him among those they would choose to be wrecked by on a deserted divan.

It was easy to say that folks wanted Westerns. But Westerns have always been with us. And Wayne is not strictly a horse opera diva like *Hi Ho!* and *Hop-along*. He owns no hoss. Never has. His covered wagon is a Cadillac.

It's true he was the first singing cowboy. But he couldn't sing, he was no cowpoke and they had to show him where to put his hand on the guitar. Yet, the picture he made in three days for seven thousand doughnuts, is still good today.

Raoul Walsh was first to get a load of it when practically knocked off his director's seat by a giant, rangy, prop boy ambling across the set.

"That's the guy for 'The Big Trail,'" Walsh said. He got out a contract and said, "Sign here. What's your name?"

"Duke Morrison," the prop boy said. "From now on it's John Wayne," Walsh said. "And don't you forget it."

"Yes sir," said Duke and promptly forgot. To this day, he is Duke to one and all of his loyal gang.

The name has no royal connotation. "I had a dog named Duke," the Duke says. "I was named after him."

Back in Winterset, Iowa, where he came to life, he was christened Marion Michael Morrison by his Scotch-Irish parents.

DUKE MORRISON was a celebrity before he was John Wayne. It took him years to eclipse his fame as the football star Trojan tackle. Director John Ford was one of his fans. He gave him a job in the prop department for summer vacations.

Duke starred in his first picture but there were no frantic phone calls from agents. Having no confidence in himself as an actor, he headed back toward the prop department. "I was a prop man at heart," he says. "I still am."

Every so often in his bucking career he steered toward props, until one day, John Ford let out a roar that made him jump two feet. "Cut it out!" Ford bellowed. "You are going to make a lot of money in this business. You'll thank me someday."

The Duke not only thanks Ford, he worships him. It was in Ford's "Stagecoach" that he turned the corner. He and Ford and Ward Bond practically lived together at the Athletic Club or on Ford's boat. You couldn't find one without the others.

Ford is a man who inspires fanatical devotion. So is Wayne. Ford works with a close-knit creative band of old-time friends known as the Ford Group. The Duke has his circle of stout buckos. He carries more men on his personal payroll than any man in Hollywood.

The Duke needed no such instruction as *Polonius* gave his son; he was imbued with it: "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

That is the secret of Wayne's strength as man and producer. It is the secret of success in pictures; collaborative team work. The greatest stars have had it; Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks Sr., Charlie Chaplin.

With Wayne it is more than business, it is a personal ideal. He's a man's man, practicing the all-for-one-and-one-for-all.

You get it the instant you are wafted on to his set by the mood music of an accordion in the hands of maestro Tony Trav-

ers. It takes you back, like a magic carpet, to the good old days before movies talked themselves to a standstill. Every set had its accordion, fiddle or organ. No star thought of emoting without mood music. But now, with the mike around, players cannot act by music. Wayne brought music back to the set to keep the crowd happy and to subdue their restless horsing around between takes.

It looked like a big Western family on the "Fighting Kentuckian" set at Republic. In one corner, the Duke in coonskin cap, suede jacket and dirty horsehide pants was playing chess with his stand-in. Grant Withers, Paul Fix, Bob Morrison—the Duke's brother who is assistant director—and other compadres straddled around shooting the breeze.

Grant Withers is a charter member of the Duke's fraternity. They became friends through the Young family. Grant was the husband of Loretta. When Wayne married Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Cuban consul in Los Angeles, the ceremony was held in the Withers garden.

Paul Fix coached Wayne in acting when he was no great shakes and needed confidence. Today, Fix is the Duke's alter ego in production, working over scripts with him and advising on details.

More than a star, the Duke is creator of all his pictures, though he was not screen-titled as producer until he made "Angel and the Badman."

He has an analytical mind. "Too analytical," Fix says. "Too critical of himself, a stickler for perfection."

His overworked conscience threw Duke an ulcer after "Tycoon." A steak-and-potatoes man, he then went on a diet of potato soup with his customary concentration and it still is his favorite dish. He gave up black coffee and cut out cigarettes. Now, recovered, he eats everything and again snaps his cigarettes so that ashes rain over everything as from a volcano.

The erupting ash is the only thing that ruffles his beautiful placid wife Esperanza, to whom he was married in 1946, after divorce from Josephine.

Esperanza Baur starred in three Mexican pictures before the Duke arrived on the scene. Her family, which has lived in Mexico for three generations, is French. She idolizes the Duke and begets idolatry not alone from him, but from his men, who believe she has done much to increase his confidence in his potentiality. His one weakness has been his ego.

The great social event each year is taking his four kids to the circus. They are his chief joy and he has them around him as often as possible.

The Duke and his duchess live in a large spreading California ranch-type house on an acre of ground in San Fernando Valley. Its furnishing is American; copper, and coffee-grinder lamps, and furniture capable of bearing heavy loads.

Esperanza says they cannot be elegant because the Duke puts his feet on and in everything. She is resigned to this but bursts into mad chirrup over the flying ash. She is aware this does no good and probably amuses the Duke. He is not as calm as Esperanza. His Irish temper goes up like a rocket, comes down as fast and all is forgotten in five minutes. If feelings get hurt, he is remorseful.

Men like him because he is outspoken. You know every minute where he stands.

Grant Withers sums him up for all the Duke's men when he says, "He's the champ, for my money. Always plays fair. The best friend in the world, the most loyal person. Watch the guy. He will make a great director someday."

THE END

No Time for Company

(Continued from page 45) any sir. If you want to call me anything, call me Monty."

Henkel shakes his head in wonder. "Imagine that. Of course," he adds, "I never did call him Monty. That would not have been proper. But he never let me open the door for him again, and he frowned whenever I called him Mr. Clift."

Henkel's hours, like Monty's own, were long and irregular. "Sometimes, we would work so late at the studio, I would have to spend the night at Mr. Clift's house."

"On the nights we got home early, he would have dinner prepared for me and I would eat it in the dining room, while he read the scripts over and over again, long past midnight. I have never seen anyone work with as much concentration."

DURING the whole time he was in Berlin, Monty went out not more than four or five nights, and a couple of these were quiet dinners at the house of director George Seaton. Receiving constant invitations which he invariably turned down, he told Henkel, "I don't have the time. I have to work." His only real fling was dinner at the luxurious Soviet Intourist restaurant, about which many spy stories have been written, and a trip through Alexander Platz, the shabby square in the Russian sector where Berlin's furtive black marketeers gather.

Because he elected to live in semi-seclusion, few members of the film company or the Berlin community saw him off location. For a few days, he made quiet appearances at the Press Club, mostly alone, occasionally with some GI companion. Then, even these ceased.

Henkel, constantly on the set watching Monty, says, "Each scene he would play with concentration and if it wasn't perfect he would willingly play it over and over again. They shot a scene in which Mr. Clift kisses Cornella Burch, who plays opposite him, at least twenty times. Mr. Clift put as much enthusiasm into the last time as the first, not that I blame him so much. She's some *fräulein!* But he scarcely spoke to her off location."

Hard as he worked, Monty seldom lost his sense of fun, according to Henkel. "For his role, Mr. Clift had to learn the song, 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo,'" the driver recalls. "One evening, he sang it over and over for an hour. It was awful! Then, finally, he came out into the dining room, where I was sitting and asked me how I liked his singing. I told him it was 'very fine,' *natürlich*. He just looked at me with a perfectly straight face for a minute, then closed one eye slowly and winked."

And he combined his sense of humor with a determination to improve his, and Henkel's, linguistic ability. He ordered the driver to learn two new jokes a day and then, on the way home from the studio, tell them to him in German, French and English. Obediently, Henkel scanned the Berlin papers and magazines, and each night would duly and ponderously recite his two jokes. "Mr. Clift always thought they were funny," Henkel says, "I think."

The second person who came to know Monty over there was his mysterious secretary, Mira Letts. A handsome woman, perhaps ten years his senior, Miss Letts was Clift's constant companion. They rode to work together, ate together and worked endless hours in the evening together. Despite the rumors, which, not unnaturally, spread fast and furious among members of the company and among eyebrow-lifting correspondents, there is nothing to indicate that the relationship between the two was anything but platonic.

In fact, Henkel reports that frequently,

as the star and his secretary were on their way to the studio, Monty would speak wistfully of a girl back home and the driver overheard the word "marriage" pop into the conversation more than once. And, reserved in almost everything else, Monty excitedly went through the mail every day as it arrived from the Army Post Office, looking for "that letter."

The third person who had any intimate knowledge of Monty during his sojourn in Berlin was his housekeeper. "Herr Clift would always come out into the kitchen in the evening and we would have long discussions about cooking—always in German," Frau Liese remembers. "He liked to cook, especially steaks, which he made barbarously rare in that way Americans have, and egg desserts."

Frau Liese bears witness, as well, to the unique quality of Monty's singing voice. "I would wake him up at seven in the morning by knocking on the door and then slamming down the window in his room," she says. "Then, in a few minutes, I would hear the shower and, above it, Mr. Clift singing. *Es war nicht schön, aber laut*—not good, but loud. Then Mr. Clift would come downstairs, still singing, come into the kitchen and ask me how I liked his voice. I always told him the truth, that I didn't, and he would smile and say, 'I know I can't sing, Frau Liese, but I have to for the movie.'"

In all respects, Frau Liese recalls, Clift was easy to work for and pleasant to be with. "He was not haughty nor demanding. He would wait on himself and would always talk to me as if I were a friend, not someone who worked for him."

THE single incident which impressed her most, indeed, almost overwhelmed her, was Monty's choice of bedrooms. The spacious house, in which the Press Center had billeted him, had three bedrooms on the second floor, two of them large and comfortable and the third, not much bigger than a closet. Clift, after looking them all over, selected the small room—and slept in it during his whole stay.

"Imagine a famous star, sleeping in such a cubbyhole!" Frau Liese clucks. "He said he liked the bed in the small room, but he wouldn't let Henkel and me move it into one of the bigger rooms."

Although Monty gained the dislike of some in Berlin because of his persistent aloofness, he gained the affection of a number of others because of his lack of pretension. Among the latter were the German technicians at Tempelhof studios, the make-up artists, with whom he left generous presents on his departure, and a good many of the GIs and airlift guys.

Henkel recalls that there was graphic evidence of this one evening on their way home from the studios. He had been driving fast and, suddenly, heard a siren behind him. He pulled over and a Military Police jeep screeched to a stop alongside.

"Don't you know you were doing forty-five?" bawled the rawboned MP as he began to write out a ticket. Then, sticking his head inside the car window and recognizing the young man with the piercing eyes, hatless and carelessly dressed in parts of a GI uniform, he chuckled, "If it isn't Monty Clift. Go ahead, Monty. It's okay."

As they drove off, Monty whistled in relief. "I wasn't so worried about getting a ticket for speeding," he said. "I was afraid those MP's would pull me into the guardhouse for being out of uniform."

No man, they say, is a hero to his valet. Maybe not. But Monty Clift certainly is a hero to his chauffeur and housekeeper.

THE END

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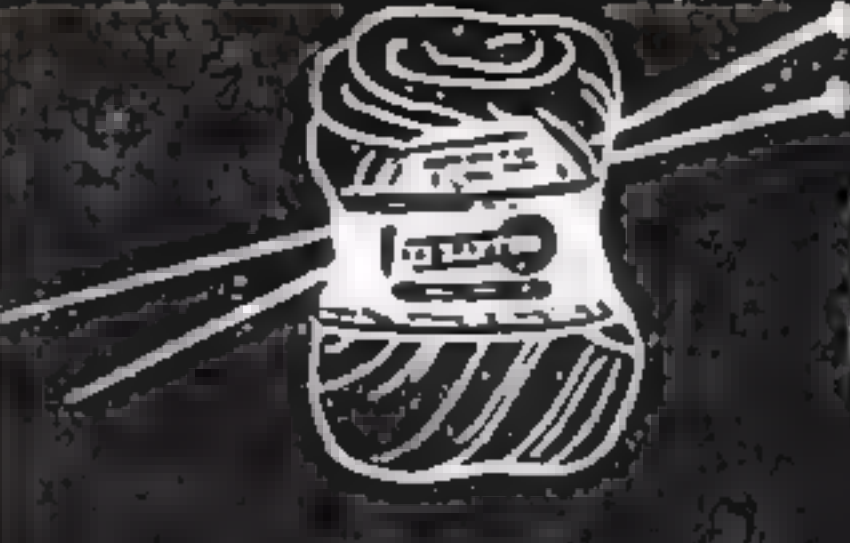
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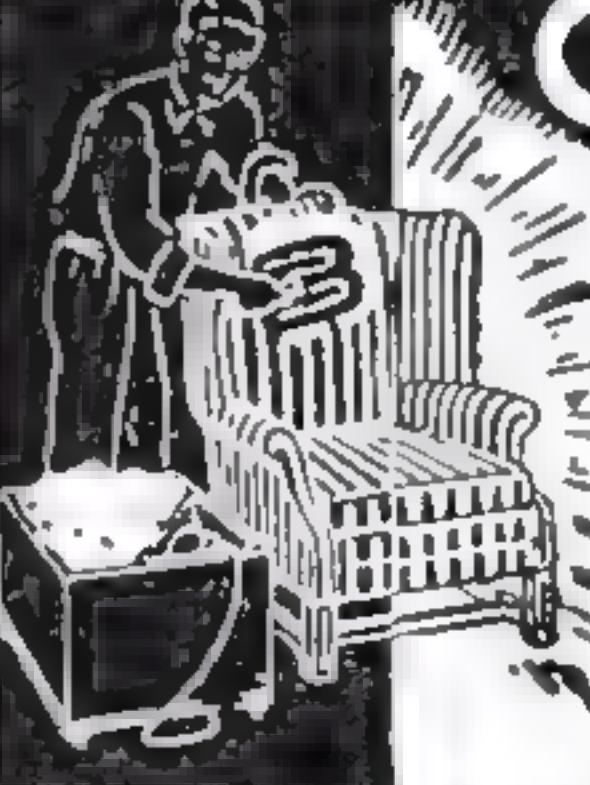
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They've Got Marriage on Their Minds

(Continued from page 31) Community Chest.

"Good timing," he said, sitting down for a cup of tea, and it was tea.

Their eyes met, Betsy's and Cary's, and I've never seen such a spark! It gave me an inspiration. I said, "I'm waiting for Betsy to tell me more reasons why you two have delayed your marriage plans."

"The date is up to Betsy," Cary said. "I'm ready any time, but she feels, and I think she is right, that she wants to have a career, and she wants to do it independently. Of course, neither of us can be sure we won't make up our minds to marry, one day, on the spur of the moment. But it looks now as if we would be married around January first."

It wouldn't surprise me if they made it during the Christmas holidays.

Cary went on, "You know, it hurt Betsy to be known as the discovery of Cary Grant. She had done very well on the stage before she met me. And she still has a fight ahead."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, she's not the kind of girl to wear green slacks and a red fox fur. She doesn't want to look like every other actress, as the girls used to do when they all had Joan Crawford lips, and then, following Harlow, became platinum blondes."

BETSY was wearing a simple gray dress, the same color as her clear eyes, and her hair, cut very short, fell into its own natural wave. There's a definite quietness and poise about her, too, until she gets excited! Then, she stutters a little like my favorite girl friend, Marion Davies.

Talking to Betsy and Cary, I challenged, "You two are not afraid of two careers in one marriage?"

Once again, it was Betsy who gave me the affirmative answer. "Cary is too successful, too well-established ever to worry about me becoming the star in the family." She laughed. "Most 'career trouble,' I think, comes when both are struggling for a foothold, and one or the other gets ahead faster. Usually, too, that happens between people who marry too young."

Cary poured another cup of tea.

"Betsy and I would never have married when we were young," he commented.

"Why not?" Betsy asked quickly.

"Because you would not have liked me, and I wouldn't have liked you!" was his surprising answer. "When I was young, I was conceited and impossible. I was so conscious of my clothes and the way I looked, I never knew there was another actor on the set. I thought only of my lines. Today, I know it is important for me to know what the other actors are thinking and doing, and I know how completely unimportant it is to have well-fitted clothes in an ill-fitting performance."

"But what do you mean, you wouldn't have liked Betsy?" I put in.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "Betsy is the most honest person I know. She is simple, direct, intelligent. When I was young, I would not have appreciated her fine qualities. I was too self-centered. Ah, but now," he chuckled, "I have lived and learned."

"And you are sure you will be happy?"

"Why not? We have everything in common. And my friends all like Betsy. That's a great test. You know, neither of us are night club people. We like to sit at home with people we like and talk about books and music and the theater and movies."

"Two of our best friends are Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. They were my friends long before I knew Betsy and they like Betsy so much."

Once again their eyes met, and I could see how much Cary likes this cool, slim girl. That she adores him, there can be no doubt.

I must admit that I have seen Cary on previous occasions when he was courting this belle or that one and believed himself to be in love. But the way he treats Betsy is different. He respects her, listens to her judgment, and has a protective attitude toward her that is charming.

GONE are the traces of the siege with the yellow jaundice Cary had earlier in the year. And he has put back some weight. He looks as though he is spending a lot of time in the sun. And he isn't restless.

"You know," I told Cary, "I think one of the reasons you like Betsy so much is because she wants to do the things you like to do, and that's a cheerful contrast to your last wife." I was referring, of course, to Barbara Hutton.

"Poor Barbara." Cary spoke with sincere feeling. "I hope her health improves. I am so sorry she has been so ill."

I remember a dinner at Barbara Hutton's. With few exceptions, the guests were titled foreigners who spoke only French. It was a stilted gathering and no psychoanalyst was needed to sense how bored Cary was with the whole thing.

But even when he and Barbara parted, as they were bound to do, Cary never in any way criticized her or her mode of life.

He was the same way, too, about his first wife, Virginia Cherrill. When they broke up, he blamed himself more than Virginia.

"How old are you?" I asked Betsy, who's too young for that question to be impolite.

"I'm twenty-six," she replied.

"And much too young for me," Cary said.

"I'm not!" Betsy said quickly. "A man should be older, and there isn't as much difference in our ages as you pretend."

Cary laughed, "You mean, it isn't a case of May and December?"

"Do you think," I pressed, "you will marry the first of the year? Above all, don't elope before this story is in print."

"If we do, we will let you know."

"Betsy has two pictures to make," Cary explained, "and I have one starting in January. But you never can tell," he laughed. "If she is as good as you say, in 'Dancing in the Dark,' she may not want to marry me at all. But, at any rate, you are safe in saying we are going to get married, and sometime not too far away."

It was the first time either Cary or Betsy had admitted to me they had any plans to marry and maybe you don't think I didn't file it away.

He laughed. "You know, Louella," he said, "you've tricked me into making a lot of admissions. You've been hurling questions at me a mile a minute."

"I'm going to hurl another," I said. "Do you think Betsy will succeed as a top actress?"

"If she has the right directors and stories," he replied promptly. "She has the innate talent. But she can't be a puppet just to make a commercial success."

"And I have a feeling you will not in the least mind if she should give it all up to become plain Mrs. Cary Grant," I said.

"No, no!" he protested. "I have found real happiness in my career. And Betsy should have the same opportunity, if she wants it."

At the door, I kissed Betsy on the cheek. Her face was so fresh and so shining I couldn't resist letting her know how much I hoped she would keep her happiness.

If only she and Cary will not fall into the Hollywood pattern of discontent, how wonderful it will be.

THE END



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5:55 p.m.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON was showing a friend his art gallery. The friend noticed there was a portrait of Mrs. Robinson but none of Eddie.

"Don't you have a portrait of yourself?" asked the friend.

"No," barked Eddie. "I collect art, not gargoyles."

Old Hollywood proverb: "The only time two people can agree in Hollywood is when they decide how much a third party should give to charity."

A glamorous movie star, telling a story to her little boy, said: "There was the daddy bear, the mother bear and a baby bear—by her first marriage."

Mary Boland, after trying on a new hat: "It's magnificent, only, let's not show it to Howard Hughes. He may want to fly it solo."

Robert Young and his wife went to a big Hollywood party for the first time in months. As they were leaving, Mrs. Young turned to Bob and said: "You know, we haven't been out for so long, everybody looks older."

Interviewer to Gracie Allen: "Miss Allen, what is the first thing you notice about an attractive man?"

Gracie: "The first thing I notice about an attractive man is whether my husband George is around."

Red Skelton insists M-G-M is planning a sequel to "Command Decision." Only, this time, it will be about the medical corps with the title, "Command Incision."

Hollywood's big campaign to find new faces reminds me of Walter Catlett's classic crack to a studio executive with a face only a mother could love. They met and the executive said he was going to New York to find some new faces.

"Well," said Catlett, "while you're there, get a new one for yourself."

Ed Gardner was impressed by Clifton Webb's clothes and pronounced him the height of fastidious fashion. "In fact," said Ed to Clifton, "you could drop dead and nobody would have to do a thing to you."

Sign of the times outside a Hollywood furniture store:

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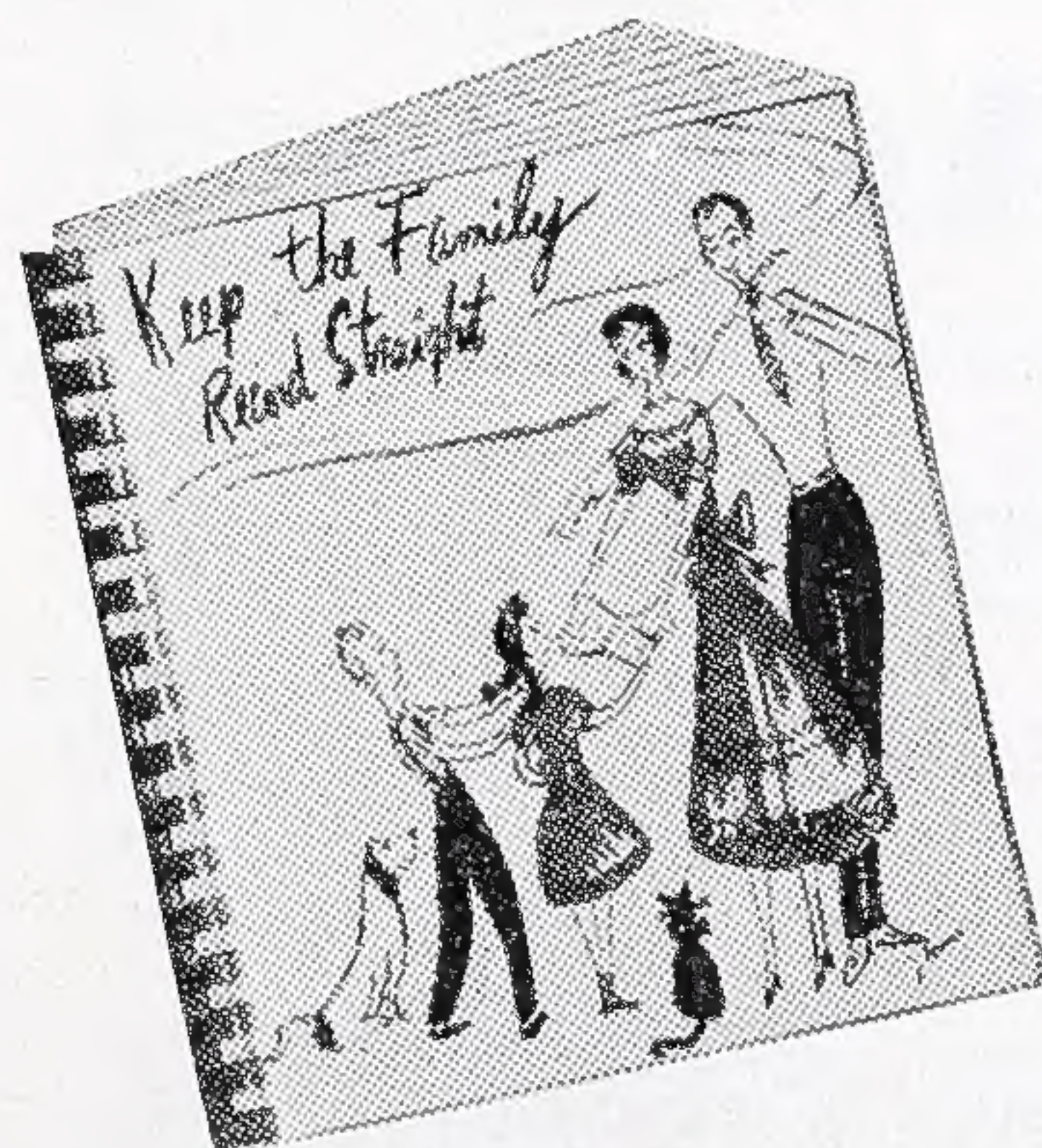
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I'd Like to See Them Marry—

(Continued from page 37) You just have to share a few more likes in common.

Clark likes to hunt big game. So does Paulette, but hers is a different kind of game, the game that glitters in a jeweler's window. Paulette is a girl who insists on visible proof of appreciation, if it isn't a diamond bracelet, she'll settle for annuities or Old Masters. Clark's generosity usually stops short at a bunch of hand-picked roses, or two dozen pairs of nylons.

Paulette sleeps all morning, except when she's working. I believe she would shoot Clark with one of his prize guns if he ever awakened her at four a.m. for a spot of duck hunting.

Janet Leigh might be Mrs. Arthur Loew Jr., by the time you read this. If she isn't, I have another perfect man for her—Roddy McDowall. They are both gentle people, both utterly nice. A marriage between them couldn't fail to be successful.

At the time of writing, Ginger Rogers is swooning for Greg Bautzer. And vice versa, maybe. It's hard to tell with Greg—he's a top lawyer and can keep a secret with his eyes as well as his tongue. But Ginger, bless her optimistic heart, is blooming like a well-watered rose in the sunshine of Mr. Bautzer's companionship. Ginger is a determined woman. And if she wants to marry Greg, she will. But if she's as sensible as I think she is, she won't. Because this is what could happen.

"Of course," says Ginger lovingly but firmly, "we'll live in *my* house." "No," says Greg lovingly but firmly, "We'll live in *my* house." "But," protests Ginger, with a cute pout, "my husbands *always* live in my house. It's so beautiful and my lovely soda fountain . . ." "Yeah," says Greg, "the soda fountain, it's lovely, if you like ice cream. I don't." Greg wouldn't say what I'm going to say now, because he's a gentleman and he never discusses one woman with another. But the chief reason he and Joan Crawford did *not* marry was because she, too, wanted him to live in her house.

So we had better leave the house an open question. And continue to Act Two. "We must give a big party," Ginger tells Greg. "Well, not too big," says Greg, who prefers small groups. "Not too big," agrees Ginger. She invites fifty people. Ginger, like Greg, is a perfectionist. Her small party is going to be the best small party of the year. With her mother's help, every place card and every nut is in its proper place by 6:30 p.m. She calls Greg at his office.

"Mr. Bautzer is in conference," she is told by his charming secretary. "This is important," snaps Ginger. After a brief delay, Greg says, "Hi." Ginger says, "We're ready for you at home darling, will you leave right away?" "Not right away," says

Greg. "When I finish the meeting." At eight o'clock, the guests have all arrived. At 8:30, Greg dashes in, showers and changes his clothes in five minutes flat. But not as flat as Ginger's collapsed smile when the guests have gone and she wants to know why in blazes Greg prefers his work to her happiness. Curtain—literally.

When Joan Crawford loves, she loves very deeply. And I believe that if she married a wealthy man who was not in the picture business and he wanted her to give up her career, she wouldn't hesitate. But heaven help the actor who expects his career to be project number one when he marries Joan. If Stewart Granger married her, for instance. What happens when two immovable ambitious movie stars get together under the same roof? Paging the atom bomb!

Stewart would never get further than, "In my last picture I . . ." because Joan's first person singular would be on third base already. But maybe they *could* make a home-run, because Joan wouldn't listen when Stewart was talking about himself and he would automatically turn off his hearing when Joanie was spouting about *herself*. If they could just learn to synchronize, it's not impossible that they could live monologically happily ever afterwards.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT lives like a man who makes fifty dollars a week. His most recent home was a one-room-walk-up apartment, for which he paid \$40 a month. If Joan Fontaine married Monty she would have to live with him in the East. That's the way he is. I can just see Joan giving one of her *haut monde* parties in Monty's walk-up with the plaster from the ceiling falling into the champagne glasses of her high society friends. I doubt if even the gayest among them would appreciate such a literal method of getting plastered!

Monty saves every cent he can, because he wants to be sure, he once told me, that if anything happened to his \$100,000-a-picture career, he wouldn't have to cut down on his way of living. I don't know how much, if anything, Joan saves of her similar high bracket salary. But, she certainly spends with a free non-Cliftian hand. Furs, jewels, gowns, lots of servants, Joan loves these material possessions.

Little Ann Blyth is a home girl plus. She's a good cook and very good to the uncle and aunt with whom she lives. Peter Lawford is also great to the people he lives with. But that is the only thing he and Annie have in common. It certainly would be a strange mating if Pete married Miss Blyth. First of all, he'd teach her to be

more sophisticated. Peter once told me he only likes girls who know their way around in public. He used the word "barrel house," in explaining his admiration for Hedy Lamarr. I still don't know what he means. But one thing is sure, the softly appealing Ann is not "barrel house."

Farley Granger, tagged Hollywood's number one eligible bachelor, is twenty-four. Joan Evans is only fifteen but she's big and strong in body and mind. She's completely normal and completely hep. No complexes here to worry Farley who is on the sensitive side without being a neurotic. Farley is young enough in his way of living to prefer ice cream to iced champagne. Joan is old enough in her attitude to discuss books and problems of the day with Farley, who doesn't concern himself too much with either. As for their love-making routine, that shouldn't be too much of a problem. If you saw those close-ups in "Roseanna McCoy," you'll know what I mean.

Kirk Douglas and Deanna Durbin. Sounds like a strange combination. But, think it over and, you'll see why I think they are as matchable as ham and eggs. Both have pleasant exteriors. Both are relentlessly ambitious. You never really know what Kirk's thinking. Ditto for Deanna. Once upon a time, Deanna liked night clubs. So did Kirk. Now, they'd rather stay home. So why not together?

Can you see Elizabeth Taylor and Lew Ayres as Mr. and Mrs.? I can't either. But this is Hollywood where make-believe is the most real commodity. Lew is solemn and serious beyond his forty years. Elizabeth is carefree, gay and younger than the sweet seventeen she is. Mix 'em together and you'd have Lew breathlessly buying simply oodles of new clothes. And ecstatically swooning and swaying on the dance floor. And Lizzie, a frown on her brow, wading through volumes on philosophy in Lew's library. If Elizabeth were looking for kindness, instead of excitement, Lew would not be so incongruously dull.

Ava Gardner and Howard Duff have been on the verge of matrimony so often, I'm going to give them the shove that leads them to the altar. The question is, will they quarrel as much when married, as they do when dating? I don't think they will. Because, the cause of the quarrels would be gone, I hope. Ava has never allowed Howard to be too sure of her. And Howard squawks. As Mrs. Duff, she'd be sitting pretty, as long as she didn't boss Howard too much. The *Sam Spade* of the air seems mild and easy to push around in real life. But I don't think he would stand for tough tactics from a wife.

And that goes double for Errol Flynn. On second thought, I'd like to see Ava married to Mr. Flynn. They deserve each other from a "looks" point of view—both tall, both handsome, and both born knowing the score about love. They'd enjoy their mutual complete honesty about everything—love, work and play. Also, Ava, by courtesy of Artie Shaw, is now well educated and well read. Errol could major any time in history and literature. All that remains is for him to get an M.A.—for MARRIAGE.

I would like to have seen Audrey Totter marry Brian Donlevy. They would have blended like beer and pretzels. The fly in the ointment, to mix metaphors, was that Audrey wanted to see other males while Brian was making up his mind to marry her. He didn't like it. And Audrey didn't like him for not liking it. Too bad.

How's this for a perfect mating, Greta Garbo who wants to be alone and Paul Douglas who wants to be a lone wolf!

THE END

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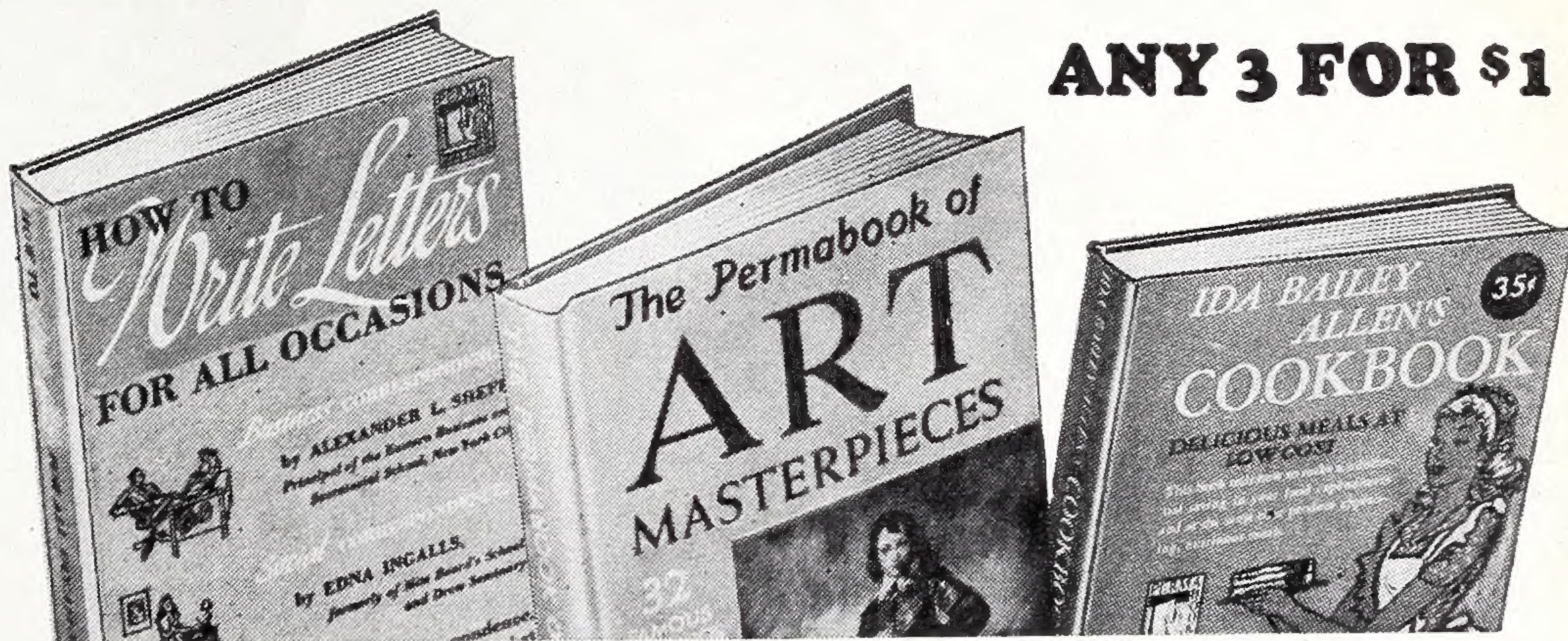
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